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TO A SOUTHERN FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

The wintry wind blows out of the north
Keen as a foeman's sword,
With a chill like death in its icy breath
Wherever its sound is heard.
The meadows are bleak, and the hills are bare,
And the flowers gone long ago—
And even their graves will soon be hid
By the swiftly falling snow.

For I wandered far on the upland slope
In the deep, dark woods to-day,
To find in Nature a charm to drive
Despair from the heart away.
But she—Humanity's first, last friend,
Has proved but a broken reed,
For I came to her with an aching heart,
And she failed me at my need.

For no green thing met my longing sight—
The blossoms that summer gave,
That spoke such peace from their starry eyes,
Have found an early grave.
And the trees that in benediction seemed
Their verdant arms to spread,
Have changed—and only a few brown leaves
Are quivering overhead.

The wind shrieks loud, the sky is dark,
And the future's hid from view—
All's so cold—and my weary life
Is almost frozen too;
And I long with a yearning heart to dwell
Once more where thy home remains,
In that sunny, southern island where
Perpetual summer reigns.

Where the air is faint with the odorous breath
Which the yielding blossoms gave—
And the harshest sound on that emerald shore
Is the song of the laughing wave;
And birds of many a gorgeous hue
Flit under that tropic sky,
Or in golden shadows of orange groves
Warble their minstrelsy.

Oh! bird and blossom and changeless sky,
And the charm of the restless sea,
Have made that isle with its fairy shore
A Paradise land to me;
And when the sorrows of real life
Enclose like a dungeon wall,
And haunting cares like beasts of prey
Crouch in the shadows tall—

Even then in many a day and night,
A low, sweet song I hear,
Of a calm, blest life in that distant land,
With the friends so warm, so dear;
Once more I'm twining the Passion-Flower,
And under the Palm tree's shade,
The soft caress of the welcoming breeze
Upon my brow is laid.

Will ever the coldness and gloom of life
Be merged in a dream like this?
Can the sweet fruition of Hope's low song
Be found in an earthly bliss?
Is it ever permitted—that human hearts
With such untold rapture swell?
May we hope—dare we hope—this side the grave
To meet again? Who can tell?

United Post, N. Y.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Pharisee remained a moment only with Lady Kingswood senseless in his arms.

Her immunity from the humiliation of his touch rested alone in his utter weakness and exhaustion from the recent attack he had suffered. From absolute want of strength, he was compelled to rest her inanimate form against the base of the marble columns beneath which they stood, and await in fear and apprehension her restoration to consciousness.

While his brain was yet unsettled and confused, and could be concentrated on any one point only by a severe mental strain, he was filled with a nervous dread of the sudden appearance of Lord Kingswood, of whose wrath, under the circumstances of such a discovery as he would then make, he had a most wholesome fear. He had no restoratives, he dared not leave the spot in quest of any, and could do nothing but stand trembling, listening in fear to the gaspings of Lady Kingswood, and straining his powers of hearing to catch the sound of an approaching footstep.

Lady Kingswood was gifted with strong passions, and endowed with singular energy, but they were improperly directed. Had they been rightly guided, she would have been a brilliant example of the position in human society which it is possible for a woman to command. But her passions were

MISS VIRGO'S FIRST LOVE.

wasted in the unworthy, fertile promptings of an unreasoning jealousy, and her energies in efforts to discover the truth of her suspicions.

A previous marriage, with a child born, herself disgraced, and her son an illegitimate child, was a discovery enough to have maddened a woman endowed with yet more powerful mental qualifications than she possessed. Death, ruin, in its ordinary sense, she could have borne, but such tremendous disgrace as this was insupportable.

When, with ghastly visage and panting breath, recovered from her swoon, she turned her face, lit up by the feeble rays of the lamp to Pharisee, he was terrified by its expression.

At all times the inefficient light from a small hand-lamp lends to the countenance a ghostly character, but there was something fierce and demoniacal in her eyes, and in the rigid act of her features, which made him tremble and turn cold.

As she clutched him once more by the wrist, he saw her white teeth grating together with rage and agony, as though she would grind them to powder, while bubbles of foam stood thickly on her lips, terribly exhibiting the intensity of her emotion.

"Pharisee," she exclaimed hoarsely, "the die is cast; I will be revenged most fearfully, most horribly revenged! I have been outraged beyond all parallel, and though Lord Kingswood had ten thousand hearts, I would rend, destroy, crush them all."

"For mercy sake, my lady, be calm," returned Pharisee, with chattering teeth. "Be calm, I implore you, speak lower, or Lord Kingswood will hear us."

"I care not; I am committed to his disgrace, humiliation, destruction—to my revenge!" she replied, passionately. "He shall know to his fearful cost what it is to rouse my hatred and my spirit of vengeance."

"My lady, I entreat you to listen to me," exclaimed Pharisee. "I have told you circumstances which have yet to be proved—"

"He has himself admitted them," she said, gloomily.

"To me, my lady, I grant," returned Pharisee, urgently; "but reflect, consider, think for an instant. Suppose you were to charge his lordship with his guilt, he would deny that he had ever breathed such terrible admissions; he would dare you to show the proofs, and brand me as a liar, and I should, in fact, be sacrificed to my sense of devotion to you."

"I have proofs enough," persisted Lady Kingswood, with a gloomy frown settled on her brow.

"For your own conviction, no doubt, my lady," rejoined Pharisee, with even yet more urgency of manner, "but not sufficient to satisfy the minds of others. Your ladyship must remember that there are persons now at work to prove Lord Kingswood's crime, and they will go far to supply those proofs which will enable you to confound his lordship should he attempt to deny to you the wrongs he has heaped upon you."

"I cannot wait," she said, between her teeth; "I would have him know now that I am mistress of his faithlessness—his unexampled villany."

"And so rob your vengeance of its sting," exclaimed Pharisee, craftily. "An explosion now would benefit Lord Kingswood, for, like a stag at bay, he might turn round, and knowing the worst, defy your threats, and laugh to scorn the means you might decide upon adopting to crumble his proud heart to powder."

Lady Kingswood pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. This fiendish counsel had no small weight with her.

"Your plan is to be silent, but to act," he urged, in a low, hissing tone; "and when the hour comes that all must be known, then you may hurl in his face—'You have shamefully wronged me. Know, oh! proud Lord Kingswood, such has been my revenge—such your bitter humiliation.'"

Lady Kingswood drew a deep breath.

"It shall be so," she murmured, between her clenched teeth; "your view is the wiser one. I will be silent, but, being silent, still will I make him writhe with the fiercest agonies of horrible suspicion. You will, at the same time, Pharisee, lose not a moment in your researches into this foul conspiracy against me, and I—I—I—believe I may confide in your devotion to me?"

"You may, Lady Kingswood. I have already most earnestly assured you," he returned, in a low but emphatic tone.

"Wholly, utterly?" she exclaimed, with equal emphasis.

"Wholly and utterly," he murmured, sinking again before her upon his knee, and clasping his hands.

"By your soul?" she ejaculated, bending over him, and pointing heavenwards. Oh! that she should have done so for a purpose so reprehensible!

"I am your slave to the death," he murmured, in a guttural tone. "Oh! Lady Kingswood, I am passionately—"

He checked himself. A flash of thought curbed the premature disclosure he was about to make, and which would have ruined him with Lady Kingswood for ever. He, therefore, after an instant's pause, added—

"Devoted to your ladyship's interest; the very humblest, but most faithful of your creatures."

Then she trembled all over like an aspen—then she felt faint, and cold as ice, for she cast her eyes uneasily in the direction of the door; but, with a sudden effort, as her wrongs forced themselves before her eyes, she drew from her bosom a note.

"You know the Marquis of Chillingham's? Go there at nine to-night, send up this card to him; you will be admitted to his study—to an interview with him alone; then hand to him this—this"—a spasmodic sigh burst from her lips—"this note," she added, with difficulty. "After he has read it, he will return an answer, which you must conceal and bring to me. Alone, here will I meet you, in the dead night time, two hours past midnight. Be faithful!"

She placed the note in his hands as she concluded, and then, as if fearing further to hear the sound of his voice or her own, she glided from the picture-gallery, leaving him alone and in intense darkness.

Perhaps it was as well for him that she conveyed the light swiftly away, or she would have seen upon his face an expression of triumph and devilish joy, which would have startled her, and probably raised within her mind suspicions of his fidelity.

He clutched the note and placed it within his breast, and then, with the utmost care and caution, groped his way from the picture-gallery up to his own chamber.

It was not without some apprehension and difficulty that he gained his room unnoticed or unobserved, but when once within its precincts, he locked his door and obtained a light.

Then he examined the note with the eye of a vulture. The superscription was simply, "To the Marquis of Chillingham," and written in a disguised hand. A smile of scorn curled his upper lip and his eyes flashed.

"That attempt to disguise her handwriting betrays her consciousness of wrong. If she was not inwardly aware that she was erring in this very act alone, why disguise her hand? It is well; it will not do to plead innocence of intention with me. I will have none of it when my hour comes. She caught my hint of the mo revenge to adopt readily enough, a shall go hard, but I am connected with the bitter humiliation she purposes fastening upon my Lord Kingswood."

Proceeding to a drawer, he took from it a very small palette-knife, and making this exceedingly hot, he, after having wiped it clean, skillfully slided it under the wax, and thus opened the note without injury to the impression on the seal.

He read the contents, which ran thus:—

"I cannot give you the meeting promised at present; the illness of my boy will confine me to his chamber. Have you obtained any particulars respecting the 'secret of the family;' if so, can you not forward them to me by a trustworthy messenger—the bearer of this—in cipher; any thing so that I am relieved from my intolerable suspense?"

There was no signature to it, but Pharisee saw that in this communication the hand was not disguised, and that was enough for him.

He sat down and copied it with elaborate care and great fidelity, and then folding up the copy exactly in the same fashion as the original, he, with the aid of his small knife, removed the seal from the latter, and with remarkable skill transferred it to the former, fastening it by the aid of the hot knife, which, having heated the portion of the paper on which the seal was to rest, caused the wax to adhere to it.

The copy thus exactly like the original he placed within a small pocket-book, while the original he dropped into a wallet which he kept within a secret pocket, invisible to most human eyes unconscious of its existence—except old Pengreep's.

Then he retired, fatigued, and weary to bed. Lord Kingswood's wine had done him good service, but after some refreshing sleep, he applied to some restoratives, the virtue of which he was acquainted with, and passed the whole of the following morning in planning, scheming, and reveling in the coming of the long-anticipated consummation of his hopes and his revenge.

It was during this time that he was engaged in his scheming that he was perplexed and disturbed upon one subject. He could not recollect the result of his visit to Pengreep.

He was well aware that some important communication had been made to him, and that he had repeated it to Lord Kingswood, but of its nature he could form no other notion than that which the few mysterious words which his lordship had let drop offered him.

It was something about a female, "the Wonder of Kingswood Chace," but the more he tried to recall what it was, the more he was puzzled. He was in the position of a man who remains in possession of his mental faculties up to a certain point in his potations, after that, oblivion ensuing, he cannot remember either what he said or did.

It was necessary that he should again visit the old man, not only to obtain again from him what he had already communicated, but further and equally important matter, as well as proofs to verify what he had asserted.

He remembered Miss Virgo distinctly, the whole of his passage with her repeated itself in his mind with singular clearness. He had no anxiety to renew the acquaintance he had made with her, brief as it had been, but he soothed himself with the assurance that now, knowing him to be a friend of the master of the small household, she would receive him with courtesy, and treat him with blandness.

He resolved that his visit that day should be to the old man, and that he would transact his business with him before he proceeded to the Marquis of Chillingham's. It was impossible to foresee what shape his business with him might take, and he thought it wise to be possessed of as much of the Kingswood mystery as he could. Accordingly, not quite remembering his address, he referred to his wallet, where for safety he had placed it.

He looked carefully through the wallet, but he failed to find the card. It occurred to him also that there were other papers missing. It was palpable that the bulk had diminished, and he went over what was left. A cold sweat trickled down his forehead, for he could not find the original of the papers he had stolen from Lady Kingswood's desk, together with an old, small diary, to which he had once heard Lord Kingswood say he attached the greatest importance, and he therefore purloined it.

He ransacked his wallet a dozen times, he rushed to his desk, fastened with a patent lock, and opened it with trembling fingers. Not one of the papers to which he attached so much importance could he find.

A deadly faintness seized him. Had they been stolen, if so, by whom? Had he lost them, and they were brought back to Lord Kingswood's, the whole tragedy now enacting would be brought to an abrupt and terrible conclusion.

Now he again tortured his brain to remember what had transpired at Pengreep's, but in vain, and he determined to lose no time in seeking him out.

He could not recollect the direction, but he thought he could remember the house. He quite well recollected the route he had taken, and the inquiries he had been forced to make, together with the answers he had received, and he set out from Lord Kingswood's with a heavy heart, but with a hope that his natural astuteness would carry him successfully over his difficulty.

He had an impression that old Pengreep knew something about the papers he had missed, but under what circumstances it was impossible to determine.

It was in the dusk of the evening, when darkness was rapidly setting in, that he found his way to Gray's Mount and, with nervous fingers, took possession of the brass knocker. Upon this occasion he abandoned the summons by single knock, but performed a slight, timid flourish, which might have been the handiwork of a schoolmistress whose account had been overdue at least two months.

He had not long to wait, the door opened suddenly and swiftly, and the elongated person of Miss Virgo presented itself. A card was in the window, announcing the vacancy of the "Genteelly Furnished," and a presumption that a candidate for the brick-wall prospect had arrived, caused her to arrange her features with as much complacency as she could squeeze into them, and her golden chestnut tresses into as trim order as they would submit to.

When she cast her eyes upon her visitor, she recognized him, and the aspect of her visage changed from summer to frost—a bitter, unkindly frost. The door would have closed, but that Pharisee adroitly inserted a cane he carried between it and the door-jamb, so that it would not shut to, and then she flung it open, with a view of attempting the feat of flinging him off the door-step. He raised his hands deprecatingly to her, and cried rapidly—

"Miss Virago—my dear, blessed angel, Miss Virago—I pray you to listen to me for one instant only."

Blessed angel, lady, were words which the maiden lady had not heard for years, and they no sooner caught her ear than she softened.

"How dare you call me Virago, man?" she cried, with an evident approach to conciliation, "my name is Virgo."

"I beg a million pardons," returned Pharisee; "my very enchanting friend, I meant Virgo—a—you perceive there is only an a—a little *a* difference."

"Oh, yes! that's all very well," she returned, tossing her head, "but that little *a* makes a very serious difference. I am a Virgo I admit, but that I am a Virago—I should just like to catch the fellow owdacious enough to call me that name. Mild as I am, I would wrench his whiskers out by the roots."

"What extraordinary wit, what enchanting repartee!" exclaimed Pharisee, aping the blandest of smiles. "I am truly not sorry that I committed the sin, for I have brought out your powers of fascination."

Miss Virgo smiled and Pharisee bowed. He was frightfully alarmed for fear he should bring out her powers of pugilism, hence his extreme courtesy.

"Oh, really, I never!" exclaimed Miss Virgo, raising a large bony, red hand before her face in lieu of a fan, than which, if anything, it was a little larger; "may I ask the object of your visit? Pray step within."

Pharisee was upon the door-mat in an instant.

"I wish to have an interview with your—grandfather, is it?—Mr. Pengreep," he said.

"Oh, now, I must say you are too hard upon him," she exclaimed, with a giggle, and added, "pray walk into the parlor, sir."

She led the way into a room adjoining the narrow hall, and Pharisee nimbly followed her, and briskly subjoined,

"Your father, then, dear Miss Virgo?"

"You men are such vile flatterers," sniggered Miss Virgo. "Pengreep is not my father, nor my grandfather; he is my senior by many years, but not quite old enough to be either. He is not at home."

Pharisee uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"I very much wished to see him," he said, earnestly. "Of course the disappointment is lightened by meeting you, but I wanted to see him."

"You did not care about seeing me?" she said, with a fearful attempt to look arch.

"Do you doubt me," he said, with a vexed, thoughtful expression upon his face.

"Yes, you may have lost something, and may have come back to see whether you have left it here," she returned, in a very peculiar, significant tone.

All the blood in his body rushed into his face.

"You angel," he said, with quickness, "you are almost as good as—"

He stopped. To inform her that she was "almost" as good as a witch, was rather a doubtful compliment, so he cast about for a word which would not come. She suggested it.

"Witch, of course," she said.

"No—no—no, a Spinks," he answered, blurting out the word without knowing precisely its meaning, and certainly not its orthography or pronunciation.

"A spinks!" she echoed. "Who was she?" she inquired.

"An ancient lady, I mean," cried Pharisee, with an embarrassed air. "A prophetess of old times. But to the point. I have lost something—that is, I dropped it here."

"Hem! No you didn't," rejoined Miss Virgo, nodding her head significantly.

"But I did leave some papers here," he returned.

"You left them here, but did not drop them," she replied, in the same tone. "Look you here, Mister—what's your name?"

"Mr. Pharisee," he replied, with a bow.

"Well, Mr. Pharisee, what was your business with Pengreep?" she continued. "Tell me that, and I'll tell you something you would like to know."

"My dearest, best creature," exclaimed Pharisee, laying his sleek hand upon her arm, "you would not have me betray confidence, would you?"

"You would have me do it, I suppose?" she said, sharply.

He shrugged his shoulders, and was about to reply. She stopped him.

"I know who you are," she said, with rapid speech. "You are Lord Kingswood's valet, and no doubt you have made money in your service—so have I in mine. Well, you want to make more; I'll help you to do it on certain conditions.

"Name your price, you anglic sweetness," he returned, as quickly as possible.

"A wedding-ring," she answered, with equal promptness.

"You shall have it set with diamonds," he said, rubbing his hands, "on one condition, however."

"Name it," she ejaculated, laconically.

"That you acquaint me with the name of the individual you are about to crown with felicity," he responded, smiling in her face.

"Yourself" she promptly returned.

Phariseo staggered back, and laughed vacantly.

"Come here," she said, beckoning him to approach her. "This is business. Now mind me, Mr. Phariseo, I am in earnest. I am tired of living a lone and desolate virgin here, always with that villain Pengreep, who behaves worse than an ogre to me. I have lived single long enough, and I want to change my state; the man who has me will secure a prize in the lottery of married life. Now, I have not offered myself before, but I do to you, and I'll tell you why. You are connected with the Kingswood family. I know pretty well their whole history, and I know where the papers are that will tell all I don't know. I knew a precious lot about that Mr. Gower who was here, and I know pretty much about that yellow-faced, puffing, love-sick girl, who was here too; and a great deal more about the gentleman, Mr. Vernon—you know his name. In fact, I know their histories and their secrets they make so much fuss about; and I can put my hand at a moment's notice on all their papers—and on yours too, for I know who took them, and where they are."

"But can you get them?" inquired Phariseo, eagerly.

"I have a master key," she exclaimed, in a triumphant tone. "Now, you can have all these papers, and money too—if you take me with them. But you must give me your answer now this moment. Am I to be your wife—with all I have promised you?"

The bait was a golden prize indeed, but the hook which must be gorged with it made him ache in the gills to think of it.

"I ought to be the proudest fellow in the world!" he exclaimed; "and I am—I am—I say, of course I am, but—"

"You won't have me?" she suggested, with a sudden fierceness.

"I did not hint that for a moment," he returned, hastily, holding up his hands in a deprecating manner. "I meant to suggest that you would expect me to marry you before—I say *before* you put me in possession of the very valuable—I do not deny, most valuable documents, of which you have spoken."

"Of a moral certainty," she replied directly; "what security should I have else! You men are such wild deceivers. I wonder even how I have the notion of trusting myself with even such a weak specimen of your artful race as you."

"But you know, you beauty," responded Phariseo, cunningly, "if I were to marry you first my security might not be of an available nature."

"What do you propose?" she asked, in a very matter-of fact tone.

"To be plain with you," he said, with an appearance of frankness, "if you will restore to me those papers which, as you say, were taken from me on my last visit here, and show to me the others you have mentioned, and give me some proof that you can put those instruments into my possession, I will marry you—to-morrow, if you like, and love you ever afterwards."

Miss Virgo caught him round the neck.

"It's a bargain!" she cried, and inflicted a vigorous smack upon his lips, which all but suffocated him, more, however, with the odor of brandy which permeated through his mouth, nostrils, and ears, than the force of her salute.

She wrung his hand with a strength which made him cry out with agony, for he had rings on his fingers, but he bore all with seeming delight, for he had a great object to gain.

"Come with me up to his room," she exclaimed, in a whisper, raising her finger to counsel caution, and nodding and winking at him as she did so. "I'll quickly perform my part of the bargain," she added, which made his flesh crawl.

She led the way on tiptoe up the stairs, and Phariseo followed her closely. On reaching the door of Pengreep's chamber she went down on her knees, and drew from her pocket a key.

At the same moment the door flew open with sudden and startling swiftness, and Pengreep confronted them both.

Miss Virgo fell on her face in an agony of fright, and Phariseo sank down on the ground in mortal terror, unable to utter a word.

CHAPTER XL.

Ishmael the stern and relentless having adopted "a masterly inaction" as the more terrible mode of working out his revenge, Lord Kingswood was placed in the harassing and anxious position of one who has to contest with menacing and awful phantoms—brain-phantoms, guilt-spectres, conjured evils, hanging over him, suspended by film-like threads, which a breath might at any time let loose and crush him.

He had one loophole of relief, but even that had its moments of inexpressible torture in the shape of maddening apprehensions. A word inconsiderately uttered, a phrase thoughtlessly spoken, a look wrongly interpreted, would pierce his brain with acute agony, and drive the blood back to his heart, leaving his features white and rigid as marble.

The loophole of relief was the post he had accepted in the Government. It would have been one of onerous responsibility to him, but that its very burdens gave him an escape from thoughts upon his private affairs. He entered with seeming zeal and a large appetite for labor upon his duties, the secret of which we have already explained. Yet even in the midst of complicated and difficult matters a sudden nervousness would seize him, and he would regard the abrupt opening of a door with a violent beating of the heart, under the feverish apprehension that Ishmael would appear in the midst of his colleagues, denounce him as a bigamist, and, handing him over to the custody of officers, destroy him beyond all redemption by consigning him to a prison.

The bitter mental agony, and the gloomy sorrow which Ishmael had suffered at the hands of Lord Kingswood, were now being repaid to his lordship with fearful interest. His honor threatened with a damning blot which would obliterate it, his pride menaced, his faith in his wife's integrity withered to a shred, and the happiness of his son—if not his very life destroyed—were instalments of torture and vengeance almost sufficient to annihilate Lord Kingswood's reason. It was a withering retribution, and he felt it as such.

He exhibited its ravages in his haggard face, his restless eye, his unsettled demeanor. In his own mansion he would rarely, when in it, be at home to anyone unless he knew the object of the call to be Ministerial business, and then he always abruptly brought the interview to a close by transferring its arrangement to his official residence. His coachman had orders to drive him with great rapidity, and to avoid the park.

He feared to meet again the man he had so deeply wronged and whom he now hated with the deadliest rancor. But his colleagues, and deputations, and men who watched the doings of men in power, united in saying the country had no more devoted or zealous servant than Lord Kingswood.

In the meantime the sudden shock which Cyril Kingswood had received from the communication made to him by his father, terrible as it was, did not destroy him. Weak, excited, worked up to a pitch of frenzy by the previous evening's occurrences, on the eve of flinging off every paternal restraint to search for Violet, and prevail upon her to fly with him he cared not where—the frightful disclosure naturally took effect upon his overwrought brain, and deprived him of consciousness, and thus he lay many days hovering between life, insanity, and death.

The struggle was fierce between the mental disorder and the constitution, but youth triumphed, and the physician departed, leaving his patient weak but rapidly recovering his physical strength, though he recommended change of air and scene, at the earliest moment possible, as the best and only medicine that can be ministered to a mind diseased.

Cyril smiled faintly when he heard this—a smile so full of hopelessness and despair that Lady Kingswood, who sat by his side, bent her face in her hands and wept scalding tears, bidding him, in a broken voice, exert himself to recover, for that they would together, at no distant time, pass out into another sphere, peopled with other faces, brightened by other skies, and gladdened by other scenes, seek the happiness which seemed to have fled the place in which now they dwelt.

He did not understand her true meaning, but believing it in some degree to apply to his own case, he pressed her hand, and promised that he would strive to aid in his own recovery, and henceforward look at the world and life from a different point of view, and get through it as best he could.

As soon as he was able to leave his bed—though still too feeble to quit his chamber—his constant daily companion was Lady Maud—and, his most frequent visitor Eleanor Cotton.

When the latter beheld his altered face, she wept genuine tears, and her attentions, and her little delicate contrivances to cheer his spirits were so unremitting, and conceived in a taste so pure and excellent, that it was impossible for Cyril not to be moved by them. Lady Maud, who at first had regarded her with something like distaste, conceived a warm affection for her, and having no friend before, made one of Eleanor.

Cyril, one day, touched by one of her charming little kindnesses, said to her, as they sat alone—

"Eleanor!"

She looked up at him with her pretty face, as if pleased to listen to anything that he might have to say to her.

"Cyril!" she ejaculated.

"You must cease these tendernesses, these affectionate tributes of your kind and gentle nature," he said, in a low, quiet voice.

"Why, Cyril!" she inquired, with an affected surprise.

"Because," he replied, with a faint smile, "I shall begin to fear that after all you love me."

She cast her eyes down, and a crimson blush suffused her neck and face.

"So I do, Cyril," she uttered, in a very low, soft voice.

His face became serious, and he gazed upon her earnestly, and said, in a grave tone—

"Is this so, Eleanor, truly?"

She looked up with a bright countenance, and she placed her hand in his.

"It is so truly, I do love you—as a brother, as a charming, good, kind, dear brother. I remember our compact with a grateful heart, and therefore I am bound to be fond of you, and I hope that you will love me a little, too, as a sister; it would make me very happy indeed if I thought you would. It is true that there is dear, sweet Lady Maud St. Clair, whom I know you regard as a sister, but you might, perhaps, be gracious enough to spare me a little of that affection, and you can't think how I should prize it. As for myself, I have no brother. I wish I had, I know I should have loved him heartily. So, therefore, I shall transfer that deliciously platonic affection to you in spite of you, because I cannot afford to waste that amount of love—unselfish, you will admit—on the desert air."

Cyril smiled gratefully. He knew this badinage was adopted by her to cheer him, and it would have been ungracious in him to have repelled it, so, in the same spirit, he replied—

"We have already entered into one compact, and it is your wish that we should enter into another."

"Most positively and decidedly. In this I am as fixed as any of my sex can be, when they know their own mind, which is not often, but which I do in earnest truth now."

"Very good," he returned, with a smile. "In that case, I consent upon one condition."

"Oh, of course, I grant it before it is asked," she replied, quickly and mirthfully. "What is it, pray?"

"That you seal the compact with a kiss," he responded, preparing to enjoy her surprise.

She started, and looked at him with something like affright in her countenance.

But there was no mistaking in his open face and features his clear, ingenuous thoughts.

With roseate face, and glittering moisture in her eyes, she rose and advanced towards him.

She laid her soft white hands on his temples, and murmured—

"With a sister's pure and holy kiss I seal this compact."

She pressed her trembling lips to his forehead.

He caught her face between his hands, and pressing her forehead with his lips, he too whispered—

"With a brother's pure and holy kiss I seal this compact."

Eleanor rather hastily released her burning cheeks from his cold hands, and as instantly screamed.

A chuckling laugh issued from the doorway.

Cyril was utterly confounded to perceive standing there, with both hands in his pockets, and with a gratified grin distorting the whole of his features, Ebenezer Cotton.

He nodded at Cyril, and appeared to enjoy his surprise.

"I wanted to see my lord," he said, advancing into the room; "and I wanted to see you. One of your people showed me into a cold room, where I have been kicking my heels for nearly an hour, looking at pictures I don't understand, and at likenesses of people I don't know. So as I am a business man, and time is precious, I thought I would try and hunt one of you up myself. I thought I should not go far wrong, and I have not, you see, for here I have found you and my little Nell. Aha! aha! aha!"

He chuckled a rich, fat chuckle.

Overwhelmed with confusion, neither Eleanor nor Cyril spoke, and Mr. Ebenezer Cotton proceeded—

"I found you, Mr. Kingswood, very much better than I expected; and finding you billing and cooing, has made me as happy and lively as the Emperor of China, who, I am told in the trade, always proceeds to roost in the highest state of jollity. I tell you I am glad to see you getting on so well, and that part of my business is ended. Now I will proceed to my lord, and bustle him up to work and arrange both your little matters right off, for my opinion is, that when once a young girl and a young fellow have made up their mind to have each other, the sooner the match is brought off so much the better, and very much the better for all parties. Ta-ta to both of you."

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton waved his hand with an air of parental affection, and bustled out of the room in hot search of my lord.

Cyril and Eleanor looked each other in the face as Mr. Cotton disappeared, and both laughed. Eleanor instantly burst into tears, and hid her face under her handkerchief.

"Do not weep, Eleanor," said Cyril, kindly and gently; "it was an accident, but a very innocent one after all."

"It is very foolish of me to cry," she said, drying her tears, "I do not know why I should cry; I feel vexed, and I do not know why I should feel vexed. It can be of no consequence, yet I wish it had not happened."

"It was my fault," said Cyril, with a slight tinge of color on his brow, for he began to feel the act indiscreet at least, and though proposed in utter thoughtlessness, under the influence of the tone of his old flow of spirits, still one that would perhaps annoy him to remember.

"It is no fault," murmured Eleanor, the roses again mounting to her cheeks, "because—because it was the solemn seal of a promise I at least mean to keep. It is the discovery which vexes me, because it may affect my position."

"Your position!" echoed Cyril, with surprise.

"Yes!" she answered, recovering her sunshine laugh. "It may cause me to precipitate my arrangements. However, papa's given me good advice, and I am sure he ought not to blame me if I follow it. Ought he?"

Before Cyril could reply by asking her to explain her meaning, they were both surprised by the sudden entrance of Lady Maud, whose pale, melancholy face exhibited signs of terror and distress.

"What has happened, Maud?" exclaimed Cyril, quickly.

She perceived his emotion of surprise, and said, in a faltering tone,

"Nothing—nothing—of any—real importance; but a—a—a visitor has arrived from Gloucestershire, and—and he is now with Lord Kingswood."

"A visitor from Gloucestershire?" repeated Cyril, with a questioning look.

"From Hawkesbury!" returned Lady Maud, in a faint voice.

"Philip Avon?" said Cyril, quickly.

"Philip Avon!" gasped rather than spoke Lady Maud.

Eleanor knew the name; she gazed rather earnestly at Lady Maud's pale and disturbed countenance.

"Have you seen him?" inquired Cyril.

"No—not yet," returned Lady Maud, speaking with hesitation; "but I have had a message from Lord Kingswood to say that he is very desirous of an interview with me, and requesting me to receive him a few minutes hence. I—I thought, perhaps, Cyril, you would favor me by suffering the interview to take place here in your presence."

"To be sure, Maud, undoubtedly I will," he returned. "He is rough and uncouth in his manner, but he will be gentler in his behaviour I suspect now."

"He is a horrid kind of young man," observed Eleanor, thoughtfully. "I have only seen him once, and that was at Kingswood Hall. He looked to me like one of those dreary, frightful old portraits they have so many of at Stafforth Hall, where you shudder and shiver from the instant you go under the portcullis to the moment you get back out of reach of its ugly teeth."

There was a silence following her remark, for Cyril had become thoughtful, and Maud too.

Eleanor rose up, and put her arms around her waist, and whispered in her ear—

"I am sure you detest him, I do; he seemed all bushy eyebrows and sallow cheeks. If it had been that elegant young gentleman, Mr. Gower, who was a guest at the Hall at the same time we were, you would not have been so displeased at his visit. Ah, you quiet little creature, I saw how he talked with you, and how you listened. He was not distasteful to you, like this Mr. Philip Avon, was he?"

Lady Maud turned her eyes upon Eleanor; they were filled with tears, and Eleanor saw that she had no words at command with which to answer her, so she pressed her hands tenderly and affectionately.

She could do no more, for Lord Kingswood, at the same moment, entered the apartment.

He looked slowly round the room, and then he beckoned to Lady Maud.

"Follow me," he said in a hoarse and an authoritative tone.

Lady Maud's face became of the hue of death. She seemed as though about to swoon, but Lord Kingswood repeated his words in a louder and yet harsher tone, and she started, bowed her head humbly, and followed him like one advancing to her death-pyre.

He led her back to her own sitting-apartment, and when they were both within it, he closed the door.

"Be seated!" he exclaimed, in a peremptory tone, and she obeyed him.

She glanced her dim eyes around her in timid fear. They were alone; a deep sigh of relief burst from her lips.

He watched her eyes, he noted her sigh and then he said—

"You expected to meet there to whom I have promised your hand in marriage—one who was not yesterday destined for your husband, but one whom I have long since selected—a fact with which you have been made acquainted for some time past, at least; I, in fact, myself introduced him to you, to plead his own cause, with what result I do not know; though, judging by your present mien, and some doubts Mr. Philip Avon has himself expressed, I presume it was not favorable to his wishes. I need not allude to circumstances which, up to the present time, have prevented Mr. Philip Avon renewing his intentions; they are sufficiently terrible and distressing even to glance at, but I will at once come to the matter before us, and be explicit with you."

He drew a long breath, for it was evident to Lady Maud, though she listened in a half-fainting state, that he addressed her with difficulty.

"You have not yet had the chance of knowing the condition of your own heart, and you are probably led to believe that, because Mr. Philip Avon is not so engaging in his personal appearance as many others, he would not be eligible as a partner for life. In this you will, in all human probability, find yourself mistaken. He is descended from an ancient family; he possesses wealth, a fine estate, all those accessions pertaining to the rank and position to which you have been bred, and to which you have been accustomed, and you will, no doubt, live to laugh at your present maiden weakness. But were this not the case, were your heart irrevocably bestowed, and your future happiness imperilled by a marriage with Philip Avon, you must still become his wife!"

"In mercy, my lord," she murmured, in a beseeching manner.

He waved his hand imperiously.

"But this hypothesis happens not to be a true one. You are as yet but the creature of fancies, and whims, and caprices," he continued. "Alas! I know your sex too well, you are constant so long as your liking lasts, and then a newer face becomes your idol. This is an old experience and a true one, and it determines me to proceed in enforcing this match, if necessary—"

"My lord—my lord, you cannot know my heart," she interposed, in an earnest anguish. "You cannot know—"

"I do not wish to!" he replied, haughtily. "It is enough for you to know this; that I am your guardian; that your future was solely entrusted to me by your father, Lord St. Clair; that in his will he desired, exhorted me to become his representative, and dispose of your hand in marriage to whomsoever I thought fitting to maintain the dignity of your descent and his own. With this view he placed incontrollably in my hands your fortune—"

"I will give up all—all. I will quit your roof for ever. I will go into the world penniless, and maintain my life by any toil, however hard; endure any privation, however great—rather than be consigned to the doom you intend me!" frantically interposed Lady Maud, rising in her excitement, and gesticulating passionately.

He rudely forced her back into her chair.

"Lady Maud, you are enacting the part of a romantic fool!" he exclaimed, with angry vehemence. "This sort of thing may do very well in a novel, but it is simply insanity in practical life. Further, understand me, I ask of you no consent, I seek from you no comment; I am here to tell you that I have pledged my honor, the honor and the word of a Kingswood, to Sir Walter Avon, and you cannot reason me or plead me into forfeiting that word which, once passed by me, is irrevocable. Let me add to this, there is a doom upon our House, and you know it. A branch of your mother's family are Kingswoods, and you inherit the name of one who brought down the doom on our House. I have not escaped the heart-breaking agony, the soul-crushing trials, heaped like coals of fire upon my head, any more than those who have preceded me. Your Cousin Cyril stands at this moment blighted in his hopes, and may wander through this vale of ashes and tears like one accursed. Why should you escape a touch of the pall whose shadow falls like a pestilence upon every member of this doomed House. You cannot escape it; it will cling to you, and to those with whom you are connected. Your father perished because he united himself with one of an accursed race. Let Philip Avon look to it if he will. Marry you, and he has my solemn promise you will carry the curse into his bosom, and it will there nestle and multiply. What need is there for you to reck whom you love, when you will destroy him as if he had won your deadliest hate?"

Lady Maud listened to him with an intensity of horror. He spoke with great excitement, and as if inspired, and he carried to her mind a belief that, in presaging doom to her on account of her ancestry, he was speaking facts. It is not possible to describe, and scarcely possible to conceive, the agony with which she received a host of thoughts which rushed excoriatingly through her brain.

She gasped for breath—speak she could not—and it was at this painful and terrible juncture the ill-omened visage of Philip Avon exhibited itself to her streaming eyes as he stalked into the apartment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Greenlander considers train oil and whale blubber to be delicacies; a tallow candle would be a pretty *bon-bon* to give an Esquimaux belle. An arctic traveller relates that, having presented a tallow candle to a young lady of these inclement regions, she first nibbled it quite to the end, next drew the wick between her teeth, clearing off every fragment of grease, and ended by smacking her lips, just as an English child might have done after eating a piece of Everton toffee, or that peculiar compound of sugar and flour so strangely called "Bonaparte's ribs."

☞ It is an old remark that no man ever looked on at a game of chance or skill played by two people, both previously unknown to him, without, in less than five minutes, feeling an interest for the success of one of them over the other.

☞ A gentleman, who was rather impatient at table, declared he wished he could manage without servants, as they were a greater plague than profit.

"Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend.

"Oh, no," returned the other, "I have tried them—they don't *answer*."

☞ The latest case of absence of mind is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a spike, and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel's bottom. He did not discover his mistake until the vessel spit it back in his face.

☞ A young lady, in reply to her father's question why she did not wear her rings upon her fingers, said:

"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand."

"Why, what business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Oh, none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep her hand in squeezable order."

☞ Of foreign pineapples nearly 300,000 are consigned to one London house, and a fleet of clippers is appropriated solely to the carriage of this single fruit.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

WATER PIPES AND DRAINAGE.

There must be a possible remedy for the bursting of water pipes, for the simple reason that no house actually in use is ever frozen right through in any story. The centre of the house is always above freezing point. Nothing would be easier than to run up a central shaft as near the kitchen chimney as possible, and include in it all the waterworks of the house, which, in that case, will be safe from the frost so long as there is a cook and a scuttleful of coals in the house. There is always more heat wasted than used, and in the severest cold there passes up the chimney heat enough to keep every drop of water in the house, every bottle of wine, every bedroom, and every closet at a temperate heat, if people would only go the right way to work. —*English Paper.*

The above is well worthy the consideration not only of builders but of the public generally. It is astonishing how even a usually wide-awake people like our own, go blundering on for generations, in certain respects. Thus we see the hydrant water pipes in this city, taken as a general thing up into the bath-rooms *outside* the walls, instead of being taken first into the cellar, and then up through the kitchen or other first-floor room. And so with the waste pipe. The consequence being that for nearly half the year, the hydrant and waste cannot be used at all, except at a continual risk of having them frozen.

That this is unwise, we have proved in our own experience. For five years we have had an uninterrupted use of the hydrant and waste pipes in our bath-room, with one exception—and then the water was frozen in the ground outside the house. That was in one of those two remarkably cold winters, several years ago. Now the comfort of being able to use your bath-room just the same in very cold as in moderate weather, is very great indeed. Besides it saves all the trouble of stopping off and turning on the water.

In one other respect bath-rooms are generally failures—and that is in their location. The bath-room is generally put at the very end of the house, and in the very coldest situation. The consequence is that there is great danger of taking cold both in going to and returning, as well as in using the bath-room. Now it would be much better to plan the house so that the bath-room could be placed convenient to the chambers, and where a flue from the main heater could be conducted into it. When, however, it is placed over the kitchen, sufficient heat ought to be obtained from the stove or range below to make it comfortable, and prevent the pipes from freezing. Some ranges will not admit of this, but in other cases we hear the attempt has been entirely successful.

In carrying off the waste water from the bath-tub, the pipe should go down into the cellar, and thence, under ground, either into the culvert, or into a covered sink. If the latter is dug down to gravel or sand—even if the depth be but slight—the water will waste away, so that it will seldom need cleaning—perhaps never. This is not true, however, of sinks into which much dirty or greasy water runs—such as the waste from a kitchen—in which case the dirt and grease stop up the pores of the earth, so that the sink, comparatively soon, becomes full, and will no longer waste its contents.

In this subject of the drainage of houses, however, much remains to be learned. Important as it is, alike to health and wealth, it is but just beginning to be investigated. In the cities, the best that can be done at present, seems to be to drain into the rivers—a process both wasteful and unscientific; and which, in the case of large cities, like London and Paris, finally fails by converting the river itself into a sewer, whose emanations poison the atmosphere for miles around. Mr. Gough says, we understand, that he smelt the Thames two miles off. This is abominable, we are almost tempted to say unchristian.

The proper use of all waste material, is evidently to return it to enrich the ground. Even the instinct of a dog tells him that. But the great difficulty, where large bodies of men are gathered together, is in the process. Our deodorizers so far seem to act with insufficient power and rapidity. The riddle, however, not only can be solved, but it *must* be solved. The Chinese, we believe, solve it partially—but their way does not suit a people of refined habits and nice sensibilities. Now, however, while our towns and cities are comparatively small, should this whole matter of draining be deeply pondered, and means devised to meet the needs of a great population. Better than showy public buildings, better than monuments, better even than parks and public squares, would be the legacy to our descendants of a wise and efficient system of drainage.

HUNT'S LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

There are many pleasant objects at all times to be found in the rooms of Earle's Print and Picture Gallery in Chestnut street, to tempt lovers of art to spend an occasional quiet hour there; but there is a special attraction there now which with some will outweigh all others; even the magnificent bust of Miss Cushman, that rare and excellent specimen of truthful, not flattering, idealization.

We allude to the exquisite engraving of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."—Those who loved and studied the original, while on exhibition in the English collection at the Academy of Fine Arts about three years ago, will find it perfectly recalled to them by the pure lines, the pearly lights and softened shades of this engraving, while those who were not so familiar with the painting will find its effects of color wonderfully reproduced in the colored prints.

This masterpiece of Hunt's is not such merely on account of its perfection of line, its beauty of color, and its exactness of detail, though these exist in a high degree, but that it touches and embodies the highest feeling to which it is the province of art to minister.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock," is the legend of the picture,—the call of Infinite saving Love to us, to all, wide as the universe. To embody and typify this Truth of Truths, and yet shock no one by the coarseness of earthly actuality, is as high an aim as can be offered to art. We feel it accomplished in this picture.

The gross heaviness of the closed door, the rusted bars, the thorn and the briar that choke the entrance, the lusty tares that overtop, dwarf, and choke the puny wheat,—these are no fanciful symbols, but expressions of a truth that concerns us with awful nearness.

The image of the Divine and Redeeming humanity stands without that closed portal, the pierced hand gently, gently smites that sullen door; the priestly vestment sweeps down, the raiment of the "Apostle and High Priest;" the Urim and the Thummin gleam upon the breast in token of the fulfillment of the Law; and from the ineffable beauty of the face, and the wonderful life of the solemn

eyes, shines out a vision of the Eternal Patience of Redeeming Love.

The heavy shadows of night gloom over all, but afar off "behold the morning breaketh."

Every line of this picture is pure symbolism, but in some parts not readily to be interpreted. The apple at the Saviour's foot is openly suggestive, but the stars that faintly gleam from the ground beneath perplex us, and not less so the peculiar shape of the lantern from which streams the light of the picture, and the triple chain that girds it to the wrist. These certainly have a meaning, and were never introduced for mere ornamental prettiness.

In every particular this fine engraving, which has a peculiar advantage in being the exact size of the original, will be found to repay a long and careful study.

THE JAPANESE.

Our readers know we had little sympathy with the extravagance of the Japanese reception. Our plan was for the Government to appoint a commissioner to show them the sights of the country, without unnecessary parade, feting, or expense.

Word now comes from Japan that the princes, while they are princes, are only princes of inferior rank—and that Tommy, of whom certain silly women made so much, is simply the son of an interpreter, and something above the rank of a common servant, with a regular allowance of so many mice per day.

As to the commercial advantages to be reaped from the embassy, we know but little, though the *New York Times* says:—"Our Government has expended nearly *two millions* of dollars in this attempt to cultivate the good will of the Japanese. We shall be agreeably disappointed if it does not cost us some day, ten times that sum to avert the results of our excessive civility."

The following, from *Vanity Fair*, seems to express the truth of the matter:—

NICELY JAPANNED.

We all of us know we're the smartest of chaps
Which nobody can deny,
We extensively pitied the innocent Japs,
Which nobody can deny,
So we gave 'em good dinners, we gave 'em champagne,
We got 'em immensively high on a train,
And explained to 'em, how to go in should it rain,
Which nobody can deny.

The bills will amount to a million or two,
Which nobody can deny,
And the Kamis have certainly fooled us a few,
Which nobody can deny.
The princes they sent were excessively small,
Our hopes of a trade are nailed fast to the wall,
And Taxing a tolerable Nothing At All,
Which nobody can deny.

So here's to the health of both Yankees and Jap,
Which nobody can deny,
And here's to the genius which caught us a-nap,
Which nobody can deny.
And let no one hereafter in confidence own
That he comes from Down East and was Easterly grown,
For the Japs are the Downiest Easterns yet known,
Which nobody can deny.

At the examination of the Framingham Normal School recently, President Felton, of Harvard College, and others made addresses. The President, says a correspondent, proved to be "sound on the goose" by a historical and philosophical defence of that animal. He spoke in strong terms of the serious effects of steel pens, their tendency to injure or paralyze the nerves of the arm. Sad proof of this influence had come under his own knowledge. His predecessor, Dr. Walker, and at least six of his acquaintances, had received permanent injury from the habitual use of steel pens.

The above statement is a singular one. How is it that steel pens produce such bad effects? We have been in the habit of using them for years, and never perceived any evil result from so doing.

Corn Husking.—A subscriber in Wood county, Ohio, wants to know of Mr. D. P., of Salem, N. J., the process of husking one hundred bushels of cars of corn in ten hours—how the man who does it works. Theirs, he says, is a corn country, but they cannot perform such a feat as that.

We should like to hear from D. P. We may state that the corn in New Jersey is generally husked standing, and with a bone or iron peg. We do not think the feat an impossible one—though it must keep the husker moving.

To Correspondents.—We believe that the peculiar gloss which is seen on shirt collars, &c., in the stores, is imparted to them by the use of white wax.

We do not remember the date of the receipt alluded to by an "old subscriber." The files of the Post are always ready for examination by our friends and subscribers, but we really have not the time to hunt through them ourselves. If you do not reside in the city, depute some friend who does to make the requisite examination.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

These are in truth brief biographies, as thirty-five are contained in one volume of moderate size; but they are skillfully compiled, the writer knowing how to seize upon the leading traits of each character, and the prominent points in his life, so as to compress as much information as possible in so small a compass. Brevity suits this busy age, when people like to have a certain clearness of ideas in regard to noted person without wading through much reading to attain it. The book is illuminated with steel portraits of James Watt, Dr. Arnold, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, Robert Browning, and Gerald Massey. These are excellent. You are ready to pronounce them truthful, because they place before your eye the picture that you gather from the life.

James Watt was of an extremely fragile constitution, requiring the tenderest nurture; yet what a work he did for the world! The gradual steps toward the maturing of those plans which made Robert Stephenson a great railway engineer, are exceedingly interesting. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was one of those true men whose brief days make the world incalculably richer. It does one's heart good to contemplate the life of such a man. All who have any taste for the fascinating studies of the naturalist, will enter with full sympathy into the enthusiasm of Audubon, the ornithologist. So intensely did he love his work, as to give to it all his life—seventy-six years—with such brilliant results as justify the devotion of a life. We give some facts in the life of Dr. Andrew Combe, whose books on physiology have done so much good.

"Dr. Combe was himself a serious sufferer through neglect of the laws of physical health; and it was probably this circumstance which early directed his attention to the subject, and induced him to give it the prominence which he did in nearly all his published works. He was the fifteenth child of respectable parents, living in Edinburgh; his father was a brewer at Livingston's Yards, a suburb of the Old Town, situated nearly under the south-west angle of Edinburgh Castle rock. Seventeen children in all were born to the Combes in that place; but the neighborhood abounded with offensive pools and ditches, the notorious influence of which (in conjunction with defective ventilation in small or overcrowded sleeping apartments) must have been a potent cause of the disease and early mortality which prevailed in the family. Very few of the seventeen children grew up to adult years; and although the parents, who were of robust constitution, lived to an old age, those of the children who survived grew up with feeble constitutions, and, in Andrew's case, containing within them the seeds of serious disease."

Dr. Combe writes to his brother—

"Our parents erred from sheer ignorance; but what are we to think of the mechanical and tradesman-like views of a medical man who could see all these causes of disease existing, and producing these results year after year, without its ever occurring to him that it was part of his solemn duty to warn his employers, and to try to remedy the evil? All parties were anxious to cure the *disease*, but no one sought to remove its *causes;* and yet so entirely were the causes within the control of reason and knowledge, that my conviction has long been complete, that, if we had been properly treated from infancy, we should, even with the constitutions we possessed at birth, have survived in health and active usefulness to a good old age, unless cut off by some acute disease."

But nearly all medical men were alike empirical in those days. They merely attacked the symptoms which presented themselves, and when these were overcome, their task was accomplished. That medical men are now so careful in directing their measures towards the *prevention* as well as the cure of disease, we have to thank Dr. Combe, Edwin Chadwick, and other popular writers and laborers in the cause of Public Health.

Notes on the Parables of Our Lord. By Richard Chenevix French. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work from which this is condensed is acknowledged to be the best on the subject in the English language. It is distinguished for clearness, earnestness, and exhaustive research into all sources from which light could possibly be thrown upon the sacred lessons of our Lord. This small work, by its able condensation, places the ordinary reader almost on a level of advantage with the theological student.

The Atlantic Monthly, for March. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

CHAIRS OR SOFAS?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—It seems to be a growing folly of the age to measure out advice as though it were a staple commodity of trade, and of a fixed value, in any amount or quality whatever. As an example, I noticed in your scientific column, of a late number, some advice relative to the position most healthful and natural to be assumed in reading, or resting around the fireside in social conversation. Now the first informant tells us, that a sitting posture is very unnatural and equally unhealthful—that we should do away with all the "old arm-chairs," and cane bottom chairs, so celebrated in poetry and prose—and substitute in their stead, the sofa, the lounge—or in case of emergency, the portable bunk; anything in fact, even if the coarsest canvas, fastened to an inclined plane in convenient proximity to the fire, where one can read, or lounge, or doze, at pleasure. Now, it did occur to me at first, that our country was already grievously infested by this popular race of nuisances, loungers, but after learning that the illustrious Milton composed or dictated the greater part of his famous work while in bed, and being well-acquainted with the fact that Thompson composed the greater part of that great Poem called the "Castle of Indolence" in the same place, it began to seem quite plausible in my mind, coming (as is generally the case in your paper,) from good authority. When lo, just as I was pushing, or preparing to push, an excellent and luxurious old couch by the fire, on which to read The Post—(mark you, it was very easy for me to reconcile myself to this position in reading, human nature is so prone to indolence,) my eyes fell on another paragraph, condemning the luxurious practice of lying down when reading. This last was from the pen of some eminent oculist—I have forgotten the name, nor do I care to know it—the fell destroyer of all my prospective ease! Then you must see I was in a dilemma; which horn to take I knew not; I must either sit upright and read, (for I must read,) at the peril of destroying or impairing the spinal muscles, and otherwise irreparably injuring the anatomical figure, or take the prostrate classic position, and lose one or both of my eyes.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you can give us any assistance in determining this important but doubtful question, it will be thankfully received. And for the time being, we will try both methods, and see if experience—the best of all teachers—cannot help us to some sort of a conclusion. Awaiting your decision, we will still keep a supply of both chairs and sofas.

Yours truly, J. B. T.

Oakland, Miss.

[Note. Our correspondent's determination is the very one we should have advised. "Try every thing, and hold fast to that which is good." We think he will find that it is well to sit when he feels like sitting, and recline when he feels like reclining—never reading, however, while in the latter position. —*Ed. Post.*]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

What's in a Name?—A Fireside Story.

Paris, Feb. 1, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Before writing down, for the amusement of your readers, the story told beside the hospitable fireside mentioned in my last, by a fair Scotchwoman, a lineal descendant of one of the old royal houses of her ancient land, I must put in a word of comment on the curious coincidence of the suits now pending, here and in London, by parties claiming recognition of their rights to the honor of royal descent. Mrs. Patterson, and her son, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, are endeavoring, with the aid of the eloquent and skillful lawyer, M. Berryer, to prove the validity of the marriage contracted in 1803, in Baltimore, between that lady and the defunct ex-King of Westphalia. In London, Mrs. Lavinia Janetta Norton Ryves, the daughter of an artist, Mr. Serres, has placed her foot on the first round of the ladder of legal proofs by which she hopes to climb to the acknowledgement of her being the grand-daughter and representative of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III.; and consequently coheiress of the property left by that royal progenitor. A considerable number of persons in England, mostly of very humble position, possess the honor of the blood royal, without being in any way the better for it. From an inquiry instituted a few years ago, in that country, respecting the pedigrees of all the families entitled by blood to quarter the royal arms with theirs, it was found that a turnpike-keeper was one of the collateral legitimate branches of the family of Edward IV.; and that an old pauper, in the Lincoln workhouse, was an equally legitimate descendant of the famous John of Gaunt.

Leaving these momentous matters to the decisions of the competent authorities, let me now narrate, as best I may, the authentic history of

WIDOW LESLIE'S LOST SPOONS.

The parish of Linlithgow ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert the Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky line of Stuart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the east and the west, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years, coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which bid fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district. Such a change was foreseen by no one, even as near our own time as the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden-gray, and had but two subjects of interest, the kirk session and the corn market. Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame who, though neither the wealthiest, nor the best born, stood, in her own estimation, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was Widow Leslie. This dame valued herself, not on the farm left her by her good man, who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and consisted of half-reclaimed moorland; not on her grown up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad; not on her own thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the tight screw principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons. Her story was that they had belonged to the young Chevalier, and had been bestowed on her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden,—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half-obliterated crest, and the initials C. S. with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale with regard to their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Scotch whiskey, and bestowed them on his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast such an important acquisition.

Whether derived from the Fife laird or the young Chevalier, the spoons were likely to be well taken care of. Mrs. Leslie's powers of hard holding were famous throughout the parish. The shop-keepers of its little town knew her as a driver of stiff bargains for the few articles she purchased. The laborers occasionally employed on her farm testified to her partiality for low wages. Yet, as sometimes happens to griping hands, the widow was not a successful gatherer. Nothing but Robin's muscles, and those of the ploughhorses, would she expend on the moorland farm—the soil, consequently, grew poorer every year, and yielded but meagre crops. In order to secure the highest penny when prices were rising, her cow, corn, or flax were kept unsold until the tide turned and the market fell. The savings pinched out of house and field were, from time to time, wheedled out of her by knavish neighbors, by the lure of exorbitant interest, which, with the principal, was never paid; but no power of man could wheedle Widow Leslie out of her spoons.

They were her pride and treasure. She counted them every night before going to rest, to see that none of the dozen were missing. She kept them in the chief of her drawers, laid up in a worsted stocking knitted by her own hands, and never worn by any foot. Out of that unique plate-chest they were taken only on occasions of the highest solemnity; and those who had the privilege of using them were always assured that "they were made o' the purest siller, and weighed twa ounces, every ane."

Plate was not plentiful with people of her class in Bathgate. The widow's spoons were certainly larger and handsomer than common; and, among the small farm-houses, the distinction of possessing them was doubtless as much envied as the marshal's baton or the ducal coronet in camp or court; but in Mrs. Leslie's opinion her own household were not sufficiently sensible of the family honor.

Besides her own Robin, the family consisted of Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, blessed with good health, good temper, and good looks; who, being a distant relation and an orphan, lived at the farm-house in the capacity of a servant. Robin was heir to the entire dozen of spoons, and also to the lease of the house and land. Nancy had no portion but the abovementioned blessings; yet, as everybody but herself expected, the widow found out one day that they had actually taken a fancy to each other, and were thinking of getting married some time. The idea of her son throwing himself away, spoons and all, on a girl without a penny, was not to be entertained on any terms. Mrs. Leslie was persuaded that, with the stocking full of plate and his own qualifications, Robin was a match for any lady in the land; and there might have been an explosion of the whole establishment were it not that Robin, besides being steady and sensible, had been well disciplined, and would not dispute with his mother, even on a matter so near his heart. Nancy never complained of heavy work or light porridge; nowhere could a cheaper or more trusty maid be found; and under these considerations the widow suspended hostilities, in hopes that her son would know his own value in time.

While her mind reposed on that hope, Bathgate lost its old minister, and got a new one. All who have resided for any length of time in Scotland know what great events these are in a country parish. The sayings and doings of the new pastor were the universal topic in farm-house, field, and highway. His predecessor had labored under the infirmities of age before death released him, and necessarily allowed things to go as they would, or stand still; but he was an energetic young man, active, and zealous for the temporal as well as spiritual improvement of his flock, and his sermons, visits, and examinations so stirred them up, that a great appearance of moral and religious progress prevailed through out the parish.

Mrs. Leslie, in common with many worldly-minded people, had always made a large profession of piety. She knew it was respectable, as it still continues to be in her country; but since the new minister's installation, her pretensions on this point became much more demonstrative, for it was a great matter to stand well with him. Nobody attended kirk with greater regularity in all weathers, or criticized the sermons of strangers who happened to officiate there more severely. She was a great discoverer of flaws in doctrine; had an immense amount of talk about the good his sermons did her whenever the young pastor came in her way; kept a large Bible ostentatiously displayed on a high shelf in her kitchen, which, according to old farmhouse custom, was the principal and most public room; and was so anxious for visits, catechisings, and prayer-meetings at her own house, that the worthy minister, out of his own sincerity believed her, and held her up as a bright example to the farmers' wives in the neighborhood.

The widow was in the height of her professions about hay-making time. Moreover a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Leslie, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons, early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this occupation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days which vary a northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great rain-drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop-preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should happen to come that way but Geordy Wilson.

Geordy belonged to that class known in Scotland as "daft." He had wandered about the country from his youth, a kind of sturdy but not unwelcome beggar; for Geordy, though deficient in the mental faculties which fit men for the ordinary duties of life, had a remarkably retentive memory for all he heard or saw, a keen observation of character, and an amount of humorous cunning, many an instance of which is still related in the district. Born among them, known to be "daft," and possessed of many amusing qualifications, besides an ability for gathering news and carrying messages, Geordy's claims to public support were fully admitted by all the people of the country side. Rich and poor cast their contributions into his meal bag or penny pouch, gave him a seat beside the fire in the stormy days of winter, and shelter for the night when his wanderings brought him to their door at dusk. Widow Leslie could not refuse her share of the common tribute, but she paid it with a good deal of grumbling. Geordy asserted to his particular friends that he had got bad pennies and worse meal at that house; and though he did not dare to question publicly the widow's high-sounding pretensions, the daft man had been heard to "wonder whether she read her Bible or counted her spoons most frequently."

Well—the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window-seat, and at length arrived at the conclusion that there was nobody within.

Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day. The rain was growing heavier; some of the hay must be wet; and Mrs. Leslie would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth-pot boiling on the fire, and the other was the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a long sniff of the odorous steam, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-stick, and muttered "Vary thin!" His proceedings with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farm-house a mile off, and the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything else as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whiting and flannel on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"What's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Leslie to the entire family, now crowding round the fire to dry their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran away. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose. The spoons had disappeared; and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon as the rain had abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsey might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson. He had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide, his visits to any house were not frequent, and if he eschewed the widow's house from the day of her loss, it was believed that Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbit's holes were searched, and magpie's nests; wells and barns were examined; the criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was duly advertised at kirk-gate and market place; and Mrs. Leslie began to talk of getting a search warrant for beggars' meal-pouches. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month had worn away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns, and magpies, to light upon poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character, but such spoons were not common spoons, and Mrs. Leslie was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy was not without honest pride; she immediately turned out the entire contents of her "kist," (box,) unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Leslie's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the "writers" and puzzled the magistrates, were referred to the minister's arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not? of Mrs. Leslie's loss; like the rest of the parish, he thought it inexplicable; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in the congregation, and he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty he persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message that he and two of the elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over in the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best *mutch*—that is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches, and engaged some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low, and the field-work was done—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the ministers, elders, and neighbors soberly listening to Mrs. Leslie's testimony touching her lost silver; Nancy, Robin, and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came; when the door, which had been left open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniment of staff and wallet.

"There's na room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow, "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's a' ane to me. I only came to speak anent your spoons."

"Hae ye heered o' them?" cried Mrs. Leslie, bouncing from her seat.

"I could na miss, bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; an what's better, I saw 'em," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? an' here's a whole shillin for ye," said the widow, instantly producing her purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in as day, an' seein' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and jist laid it by, I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' ye would be sure to see the spoons when ye went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly-displayed, but never-opened Bible; and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could hardly command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he "kenned Mrs. Leslie read her Bible so often, the spoons would be sure to turn up."

Geordy got many a basin of broth, and many a luncheon of bread and cheese, on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides for miles round. Mrs. Leslie was struck dumb, even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, induced her to turn her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law, within the same year, and it is said there was peace ever after in the farm-house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer proverbially to Widow Leslie's lost spoons.

QUANTUM.

Personal Appearance of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Hamlin.—Mrs. Lincoln is a lady of about forty years of age, below medium height, of full form and face, dark hair, and blue eyes. Her nose is rather retroussé, her lips thin and compressed, her manner and carriage graceful and pleasing. She is a lady who would be pronounced to be "fine-looking, but not beautiful." She was dressed in a steel brocade robe, trimmed with box quilling of ribbon, edged with lace, extending from the waist to the lower part of the skirt, where it ended in a neatly-gathered bow. Flowing sleeves, with point-lace under-sleeves, added to the pleasing appearance of her dress. A neat point collar encircled her neck, which was secured by a fine diamond brooch. She wore ear-rings to correspond. Her headdress was of chenille and gold. Mrs. Lincoln was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Edwards of Illinois.

Mrs. Hamlin is about twenty-five years of age, taller, and not so full in form as Mrs. Lincoln. She has a mild blue eye, rather sharp features, but a gentle expression of face. Having but just arrived from the cars, she was still in her black travelling-dress.

When the few guests specially invited had been introduced, Mrs. Lincoln took the arm of Gen. Webb, and proceeded with the others to the ladies' parlor on the first floor, where a more numerous assembly of ladies and gentlemen was assembled. Mrs. Webb assisted the gallant general in his office, and during the hour and a half the reception continued, between three and four hundred were presented. Among these, the family of the Hon. Robert Schenck, of Ohio; the Hon. Truman Smith; Dr. Shepherd, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Erastus C. Benedict, Geo. W. Blunt, Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Wm. D. Kennedy Miss McGowan, Wm. M Swarts, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Fernando Wood, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. F. P. James, Rev. Dr. Armitage, Hon. A. Wakeman, Hon. J. Haytmond, and Joseph Hoxie, Simeon Draper, and many others.

During the day, Mrs. Lincoln had received a number of private calls from the ladies of our leading citizens.

A reception less public was given by Mrs. Hamlin in her parlor, where many of those who had been presented to Mrs. Lincoln were received.

Mrs. Hamlin is the second wife of the Vice President elect.—*N. Y. Daily Tribune.*

The Fashionable Bonnet.—On the morning of the 11th inst., a man named Michael Flanagan was married at Spring Lake, Minnesota, and immediately started with his bride in a cutter sleigh for his home, some ten miles off. After riding about five miles in the freezing air, the lady, who wore a very light bonnet, complained of being very cold. Michael offered to stop at a wayside house that she might warm herself; but she thought such delay unnecessary, adding, "We'll soon be home." After this she spoke no more, though several times addressed by her husband. Fancying that some extravagant delicacy was the cause of her silence, Mr. Flanagan resolved to talk no more, though he noticed that she had turned very pale. On reaching the house, he jumped from the sleigh, and called upon her to arise from her seat; telling her that they had reached the end of their journey. As she still remained pale, motionless, and silent, he grasped one of her hands, and was horrified to discover that his bride was *dead!* A physician was summoned as soon as possible, and found that the cause of the unfortunate woman's singular death was "pleurisy on the brain." In other words, *her brain was frozen*, her bonnet not affording it sufficient protection against the cold.

The Queen's Speech.—In relation to American affairs, the Queen says:—

"Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me not to look with great concern upon any events which can affect the happiness and welfare of a people nearly allied to my subjects by descent, and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heartfelt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of a satisfactory adjustment.

"The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States cannot but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the continent of America.

"I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing my warm appreciation of the loyalty and attachment to my person and throne manifested by my Canadian and other North American subjects on the occasion of the residence of the Prince of Wales among them."

In the speeches made in the Lords and Commons, there was a universal expression of regret at American troubles, and of cordial feeling for this country.

☞ Judge Leo, of St. Louis, has decided that a paper published in the interest of a religious sect is not a newspaper, and that legal notices published in such journals are null and void.

OUR CHILD'S WEDDING.

The wedding guests have left us now,
The house is silent grown,
The bridal flowers are dying fast,
And we are sad and lone.
We think of her so far away,
We miss our darling's voice,
The gentle step, the silvery laugh
That made our hearts rejoice.

I seek her room—last time I went
Her arms were round me twined—
The bridal veil, the wither'd wreath
Of orange flowers I find;
These tell me that our only one
Hath left our home and hearth
To travel by her husband's side
Life's steep and narrow path.

There lie the books she left behind,
In each her maiden name:
'Tis strange to think my child will now
Another title claim.
I sit and muse upon the past:
It seems but yesterday
That she—a tiny, helpless babe—
Upon my bosom lay.

And now my darling leans her head
Upon another's breast;
In other ears her inmost thoughts
Are lovingly confest.
Her husband hath the prior right
To shelter her from ill:
While matron duties, hopes, and cares,
Her tender bosom fill.

'Tis harder far to part with her
Than human tongue can tell,
Yet I'm content to give her up
To him who loves her well;
For he is worthy of our child;
And, though she loves him best,
I know her parents still will keep
A place within her breast.

Oh, Lord, we pray, protect and guide
Our son and daughter both;
Help them in sorrow and in joy
To keep their marriage troth.
Bless them with faith in Christ Thy Son,
That, when this life is o'er,
Their happy, ransom'd souls may dwell
With Thee for evermore. DORA.

TREATMENT OF OFFSPRING

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

We come now to the third great division of human activeness—a division for which no preparation whatever is made. If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the *curriculum* for their cellbates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things; especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue;) but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject, is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses; or in stunted growth; or in deficient energy; or in a masculinity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power and their efficiency as men and women, will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too ill-clothed to bear exposure,) are they kept in-doors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance and the consequent injury, when we turn from physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, and names, and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood; and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in partygoing; no thought having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity; and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts; and so diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage, she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause; considering little what the inward motive may be, so long as the outward conduct conforms; and thus cultivating hypocrisy, and fear, and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth, by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often, in the highest degree; and would indeed be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race, usually subordinates all minor influences.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

When Michel Angelo was forced to paint the Sistine Chapel in fresco, of which art he knew nothing, he went down into the Pope's gardens behind the Vatican, and with a shovel dug out colires, red and yellow, mixed them with glue and water with his own hands, and having, after many trials, at last suited himself, climbed his ladders, and painted away, week after week, month after month, the sybils and prophets. He surpassed his successors in rough vigor, as much as in purity of intellect and refinement. He was not crushed by his one picture left unfinished at last. Michel was wont to draw his figures first in skeleton, then to clothe them with flesh, and lastly to drape them. "Ah!" said a brave painter to me, thinking on these things, "if a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day."—*Emerson.*

HAVE YOU ENEMIES!—Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk round them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everyone has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a re-action if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

CHEMISTRY OF KNIVES AND FORKS.

"Good morning, Charles and John."

"Good morning, father. I wish you would tell us what every thing on the table is composed of."

"Do you think that would be interesting?"

"Certainly, sir. I like to know what things are made of."

"Very well. Where shall we begin?"

"Why not begin with the table itself?"

"That would seem to be the proper place; but I think it better to begin with the knives and forks; you will understand why by-and-by. Do you know what substance knives are made of?"

"Iron, sir."

"What do you say, Charles?"

"Steel, sir; or iron and steel, I suppose."

"Yes, iron and steel. Do you see this little wrinkled place on the side of the blade near the handle? That is where the steel blade is welded to the iron shank. Steel can be made a great deal harder than iron, and consequently, when it is ground down to a very thin edge, it does not break away as iron would, so that the blade is made of steel, and the shanks of iron."

"Why do they not make the whole of steel?"

"Steel is worth sixteen or seventeen cents per pound, and iron only five or six cents, and the manufacturers find it profitable to weld iron shanks to the blades, in order to save the trifling difference in the cost of the material. This is a striking instance of the extreme economy introduced into industrial operations of the present day."

"What is the difference between iron and steel?"

"Iron is a pure metal, and, like all the metals, it is a simple substance. All the matter of the earth is composed of a few simple elements. When I first attended lectures on chemistry, there were forty-four of these elements known, but others are being constantly discovered, and they are now reckoned at sixty-two, of which forty-seven are metals. How many of these metals do you know?"

"Iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold. That is five."

"What is that sheet before the stove?"

"Oh! zinc."

"And what is that in the thermometer?"

"Mercury; that makes seven; and brass."

"No. Brass is not a simple metal. It is a mixture of copper and zinc. Mixtures of metals are called alloys. There are three more metals besides those which you have named, that are of importance—tin, platinum, and aluminum. The others occur in such small quantities that it is of very little consequence whether you know anything about them or not."

"You have forgotten steel."

"No; steel is iron with a very little carbon in it."

"What is carbon?"

"Carbon is one of the sixty-two simple elements, and we see it in various forms. The diamond is pure carbon crystallized; and charcoal is almost pure carbon."

"How does a little carbon make iron so hard?"

"Nobody knows. That is one of the many mysteries that we meet with in nature. Indeed, the composition of steel has been a very difficult thing to ascertain. There is now a discussion going on whether it does not contain nitrogen in addition to the carbon and iron. The quantity of carbon, however, has been learned, and it ranges in different varieties from 6-10 of one per cent. to 1 3-4ths per cent. Cast iron, which is still more brittle than steel, contains more carbon, the proportion ranging, in the different varieties, from 1-9-10 to 4 3-10 per cent.

"How is iron welded to steel?"

"The ends of both are heated to a white heat, much hotter than red heat, when the end of one is laid upon the end of the other, with a little borax sprinkled on them, and they are hammered or swedged together. After the knife is made, it has to be tempered. In this process it is first hardened as hard as it can be, by heating it red-hot, and plunging it into cold water. But this makes it so brittle that the edge would crumble right off; and to make it right for cutlery, a little of this brittleness has to be taken out. This is done by moderately heating it again—'drawing the temper,' as it is called."

"What are forks composed of?"

"These forks are composed of German silver, covered on the outside with a very thin coating of pure silver."

"What is German silver?"

"German silver is an alloy of copper, zinc, and nickel, which are mixed in different proportions. The ordinary rule is sixty pounds of copper to twenty-five of zinc, and fifteen of nickel."

"What is nickel?"

"It is one of the simple metals. The new cent is an alloy of eighty-eight pounds of copper to twelve of nickel."

"How is the silver plating on the forks fastened on?"

"Silver-plating is an art which it would take too long to describe now. The reason why I took knives and forks for the first subject in describing to you the several things on the table, is that the metals are all simple substances. We will begin with the simplest substances, and go up to those which are more complex; this rule will require us to examine water next week.—*Scientific American.*

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—At one of the great meetings last autumn, presided over by Lord Brougham, a working man from the crowd made a speech of much native eloquence. In the course of his address, referring to the vaunts of intellectual progress by Sir John Bowring and other previous speakers, he gave to his fellow working-men a noble lesson in the following striking sentence:—"We have been hearing much of intellectual progress and the advance of the age; but this I know, that the march of intellect, if it lead not to the cross of Christ, is the march of death."

ANECDOTE OF CHANCELLOR KENT.

When Canandaigua had some sixty or seventy-five inhabitants; when *all* the villages of the western part of our State were *almost* "not;" Chancellor Kent, and his wife Betsy (we think we are right in the name), were travelling in a one-horse wagon, in an unfrequented road, toward the house of friends who lived in that *then* more inaccessible region; for it was in the "Phelps and Marvin Purchase," the despouding buyers of which were cheered by the prediction that in "less than fifty years a line of daily stages would be running from Albany to Lake Erie!" Night came on; the travellers lost their way; took the wrong road; the horse "feeling on" as well as he could in the gathering darkness of the forest path; at length he stopped altogether, just as the clear blue eye of the chancellor discerned the light of a dwelling in the distance. The tired animal was chirruped on, and the weary travellers reached the log-house, where a good wood fire was glowing, and a long tallow candle burning in the window. Its only occupant was a "busy housewife plying her evening care." She made the chancellor and his wife welcome; explained that she had got supper ready for "her man," who was cuttin' cord wood some three or four miles off, and sometimes didn't come home till quite late. She gave the travellers a good homely supper, with an excellent cup of tea; set aside her husband's repast for *his* refreshment when he should arrive; told her guests that she "guessed they was awful tired, and would like to go to bed, as for *her* part, she should;" and added: "You may take *our* bed, in the corner there, and when my man comes, please let him in: we'll sleep up chamber." So saying, she bade them "good-night," took a candle, and went up a ladder through a square hatchway or trap-door to an ungarnished "upper-chamber." Her guests now retired: but as they lay conversing, the judge suddenly said: "Betsy, the door don't lock: that 'man' will be coming home before long: and seeing another man, as he will suppose, in bed with his wife, he'll *begin to chop!* That will never do. I'll fix it, though: I'll place the table against the door, and while he is pushing it open, I can make the whole thing plain to him in a minute." So the chancellor arose, and had just pushed the supper table against the door, when a tall, stalwart figure, in red flannel shirt-sleeves, with a big black cat-skin cap on his head, shoved open the door. "Looked he frowningly," *very!* but thus then his distinguished interloper:—"My name," said he, "is James Kent; I am Chancellor of State of New York; the woman in that bed is my wife Betsy: your wife is up-stairs: there is your supper!" This brief grouping of relevant facts, without one tautological word, is as characteristic of the utterer, as the most condensed legal statement in the world-renowned Commentaries.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah, they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay;
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know her lip and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;
The little sock and the half worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the guileless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh, have care,
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy.
—*American Messenger.*

EXTRACT OF WORDS.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear.

The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he, "select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch, "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubled distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass.

"Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was treble distilled, and the only residum was these three lines written on a palm-leaf:

"This is the sum of all science—Perhaps.

"This is the sum of all morality—Love what is good and practice it.

"This is the sum of all creeds—Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."

☞ A NICE DISTINCTION.—A witness on a recent trial in one of the superior courts, admitted that she had seen the respondent "tipsy," but denied that she had seen her "drunk." Upon being asked to define the difference between the two expressions, she said that drunk means "very stupid," but tipsy only meant "not bright."

FOR WHAT CHILDREN ARE MOST GRATEFUL.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth, to secure them social position or other worldly advantages. I do not underrate the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many providential arrangements impelling men to seek them. I would not only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child. What does the child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying that accumulation. But I have heard children, though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, say, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public-spirited, to be a very prosperous man. A parent who leaves nothing but wealth, or similar social advantages, to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten.

However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the wordly advantages they leave them. These are received as a matter of course. There is comparatively little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it. He more often endeavors before his time to thrust him from his throne. But let a child be able to say, my father was a just man, he was affectionate in his home, he was tender-hearted, he was useful in the community and loved to do good in society, he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate, he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout—and the child's memory cleaves to that parent. He honors him, reveres him, treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blest in having had such a parent, and the older he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. Here is experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. It shows what is most worth the seeking.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

MORAL INFLUENCE.—Dow was a Scotch adventurer who had been bred at the school of Dunbar, his father being in the Customs there, and had run away from his apprentice-ship at Eyemouth, and found his way to the East Indies, where, having a turn for languages, which had been fostered by his education, he soon became such a master of the native tongue as to accelerate his preferment in the army, for he soon had the command of a regiment of Sepoys. He was a sensible and knowing man, of very agreeable manners, and of a mild and gentle disposition. As he was telling us that night, that when he had the charge of the Great Mogul, with two regiments under his command, at Delhi, he was tempted to dethrone the monarch, and mount the throne in his stead, which he said he could easily have done—when I asked him what prevented him from yielding to the temptation, he gave me this memorable answer: that it was reflecting on what his old schoolfellows at Dunbar would think of him for being guilty of such an action.—*Carlyle's Autobiography.*

A NEW MEDICINE.—A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith was a physician, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with the patient, found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The doctor told the honest pair they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send him some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box with the following label:—"These must be used as necessities require: be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen, or his disciples, could ever administer.

CURIOUS TEXT.—The Aberdeen Herald states that in one of the Aberdeen churches a young preacher somewhat astonished the congregation by giving out as his text the last four verses of the first chapter of the First Book of Chronicles—"The Dukes of Edom were—Duke Timna, Duke Alish, Duke Jetheth, Duke Aholibamah, Duke Elah, Duke Pinon, Duke Kenaz, Duke Teman, Duke Mibzar, Duke Magdiel, Duke Iram. These are the Dukes of Edom." Though the text was, as an intelligent lady of the old school remarked, "vey affectit kin," it was very well handled—the burden of the lesson being—Who were these men? what has been the influence of their lives? and what, brother, will be the influence of your life and mine?

THE HIGHEST POWER IS THE HIGHEST TRUST.—The spring of all great endeavor is a great trust, pushing men forward to unseen ends, away from the fastenings of custom, out into struggle and hazard and mystery. So Luther tosses the Pope's bull on the burning pile, and sets Christendom on fire. So Columbus goes in his little vessel far away from known land, and finds a fresh, green world behind the veil. So Hancock and Carroll, trusting in the everlasting right of freedom, and risking life, fortune, and sacred honor, strike the drum-beat that echoes round the globe. And, still rising in my statement, I say that the highest power is the highest trust—is "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—*Rev. Dr. Chapin.*

LOVE OF ORNAMENT.—The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

THE BLACK SPOT.

It was at a ball at Hong Kong that Qhing-Lang, the Chinese comprador or steward, called the attention of the doctor of the *Rifleo* to a small spot on the cheek of the fair young bride of Captain G——. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, in the doorway of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G——. The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely, no terrible sight, but a young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health and gaiety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brow that told with a spasm of involuntary anxiety. Smoothing his ruffled brow, the doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G——, and looked full and steadly on her face. She looked surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Captain G—— was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Geordie aside; they were old friends; and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her?" said Geordie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue Beard you would make me turn out, doctor. She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and *I* can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why *should* she go, you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged, as a favor, that Captain G—— would take Mrs. G—— home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G—— was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.

Captain G—— laughed incredulously at first, but it was a hollow and forced laugh. It was plain that he did not believe in his own disbelief, and he knew the good old *Medico* too well to suspect him of jesting on such a point. His voice quivered a little as he asked for an explanation.

"Well, if you *will* have it," said Dr. Rogers, laying his hand on Geordie's arm, "there is something wrong with your wife. Old Ching noticed it first, and told me of it, and I have seen it myself, and I have seen such a thing but twice before, and both times in China. Pray heaven that this may not end as it did in those two instances!"

"Speak out, man, you torture me!" said Captain G——, gasping for breath and very pale.

"It is a trifling matter, in appearance at least," replied Dr. Rogers gravely and kindly, "it is a small black spot on your wife's face—on her left cheek—that is all, and—"

"And what is it? For the sake of all that's sacred, *what* is it?" asked G——, quite fiercely.

The doctor, noticing how quickly the group was increasing, drew his friend a few paces back, and whispered something in his ear.

The effect on Geordie was terrible. The brave strong man trembled visibly, and shook from head to foot, while his bronzed face became of an ashen paleness. Then, followed by the doctor, who vainly tried to keep pace with him, he hurried up to the place where his wife was wheeling in the mazes of the waltz. He strode recklessly in among the dancers; his wild haggard looks and brusque gestures caused some confusion and surprise. His wife saw him, and started, and with a word to her partner stood still. How beautiful she looked! flushed and excited with the dance, crowned with flowers, richly yet tastefully dressed; how, too, her fair, fresh, English bloom contrasted with the pallor of most of the other pretty women present; how her softly bright blue eyes rested with wonder on G—— with apprehension for *him*, lest he should be ill. Certainly, if one of those two were in mortal danger, any observer would have selected the husband as the one who bore the marks of it. But G—— was carless of that. All his soul was in his gaze, as he beheld, in the centre of his wife's blooming cheek, *a small black spot*, not much larger than the head of a large black pin, and quite circular. It did not disfigure her; only a keen eye could distinguish it and, when seen, it resembles one of those "beauty patches," which the belles of the last century used to give an additional piquancy to their charms. Yes, there it was, the black spot the doctor had described. By a great effort G—— smoothed his features, and tried to smile, as he begged pardon of the company. He had interrupted them very rudely, he said—they had all left off dancing by this time—and he begged they would go on, and not mind him. The musicians had ceased playing; he waved his hand impatiently; they went on. His wife approached him, her partner beside her, a Naval Commander, who did not feel at all disposed to forego the rest of his dance with the queen of the ball. "Was he ill?" she asked in an anxious whisper. "No, no," he was not ill; but he wished she would come away—come home with him directly. He would give no reason. His manner was irritable, harsh, unusual. The young wife looked at him with surprise; tears gathered in her blue eyes; but she was not without spirit, and she dashed them proudly away. She could not leave yet, she said; she was engaged for several dances. If there was no reason to be given for leaving so abruptly, she could not be so uncivil to her partners. And in a moment more the Commander whirled her off—

G—— stood and bit his lips. She danced once, twice, thrice more. G—— stood moodily watching her, the doctor at his elbow. It was sad, agonising, to poor G—— to watch that glorious creature, and to know that she bore on her face the mark of—what? Even the doctor shrunk from telling G——. all he feared. Her momentary burst of hurt womanly pride was over; the sight of her husband's anxious face disturbed her; her gaiety fled; the compliments of her partners were unheard; she begged to be excused; left the gentleman on whose arm she leant, and came up to G—— with a sunny smile. "I will be good now, and come home."

The doctor whispered to G—— to introduce him. G—— hurriedly complied. His wife recognized the old gentleman who had stared so pertinaciously at her; his eyes observed her still. He whispered a word to the Captain. Geordie tried to be calm as he asked his wife if she—if she was aware that there was a small black spot, a mere speck, on her left cheek. She blushed and laughed. Yes, she saw it in the glass when dressing. She could not rub it away. She thought it would go of itself. It had annoyed her a little, because it looked so like one of those absurd patches, but she hoped nobody noticed it.

"Excuse me, madam," said Dr. Rogers; "it may be of more consequence than you are aware of. I am an old doctor, and may be allowed to ask questions. Does it give you any pain?"

"None—none at all."

The doctor looked graver still.

"There is a glass nearly opposite. Please to look, and see if it has not increased in size."

The lady, half frightened, complied.

"Yes, it has indeed—it is four times as large as it was, almost as large as a pea—how tiresome!"

"One more question," said the doctor. "Have you any idea what brought it?"

"None," answered Mrs. G——. "George, love, I think I would rather go."

"Think again," pressed the doctor. "Has any reptile—any insect?"

"Yes, Dr. Rogers," answered the now fast paling beauty; "yes, but no! that could not be it, and I was silly to think twice of so trifling a thing as the bite of a fly."

"A fly? What sort of a fly?" exclaimed the doctor.

"One of those black flies that were in the verandah, a tiresome buzzing thing: it stung me very sharply just there, on the left cheek where the spot is. I thought nothing of it when the pain went off. It was a long sort of fly, with a shining body and glistening greenish wings."

"The Bal-Tse! the Black Jupiter fly! I know it. Ching knowit," said a hoarse grumbling voice close behind.

It was the old *comprador*, half horror-struck, half vain of his sagacity! Hastily they drew her from the room, wrapped her shawl around her, and hurried her home. The music struck cheerily up, the dance went on, supper succeeded, (a very sumptuous affair,) and then followed more dances, but by degrees the mirth languished, and a sort of uncomfortable feeling of apprehension and gloom pervaded the guests. Strange whispers, muttered hints went round; the very Chinese servants had an ominous look. By degrees almost everybody became aware that some mischance had befallen the fair young Englishwoman whom they had just welcomed among them. None knew the exact truth, but all had some inkling of it. Then, too, there was a fellow-feeling, perhaps half selfish, among those exiles in a sickly clime; the insidious pest that strikes one to-day may strike another to-morrow. Accordingly the high spirits of all ebbed away, and the ball so gaily begun came to an untimely close. Two or three officers went to see the doctor in his quarters, late as it was, to learn the truth. The doctor was absent. He was at Captain G——'s bungalow, his servant said. He had sent for his portable medicine chest. Also the physician to the forces, and the marine surgeon, had been called up. The next morning, when most of the officers were at breakfast in the barrack messroom, a subaltern entered hastily.

"Have you heard about poor Mrs. G——?"

"What? Dead?"

It was even so. She had been cut down in the very pride of her beauty, like some queenly flower. It was awfully sudden. It threw a gloom, for awhile, even over merry, sickly, festival-loving Hong Kong. It broke her husband's life and hope at a blow. He never was seen to smile after her loss; he shrunk away from his old friends; he left the Rifles, exchanging into a regiment that was serving in Upper India, and died of fever in the Terai. Poor Geordie! I have taken some liberties with the names of those concerned, but there are not a few living who will be able to recognize, under this mask, a too true tale.

Now, to clear up the seeming mystery of the *Black Spot*. There is a fly which, for the mischief it does, is known and feared throughout the East, and which is usually called the Bual-Fly, or Jupiter Fly. Its bite is generally most fatal to cattle. It is identified with the Baal-Zebub of Scripture, the type under which the Arch Enemy was depicted. The fatal Tsetse-Fly of Central Africa, which Dr. Livingstone has so well described, the Baal-Fly of Syria, and the Bal-Tse of China, are akin, in appearance and effects, while the names, even, are singularly identical. This fly is seldom very hurtful to the human race, except when it has lately been feeding on carrion, and thus communicates the morbid virus of decomposed animal matter to the veins of a living being. This occasionally happens even in Europe, and in the case of the common housefly and the "buzz," of greenish carrion-fly. But this is rare, indeed, and only three or four cases of death ensuing from such bites are recorded within the last six or seven years on the continent of Europe. In the East, with a sun peculiarly adapted to the hastening of disease, the deaths from this insidiously administered poison are more frequent, and the poison itself is more virulent and rapid. It was in this manner that poor Mrs. G—— met her death. The black spot, unnoted at first by all eyes save her own, and neglected by herself, was the mark of incipient mortification, the centre of the gangrene that spread and spread, painlessly but inevitably, until what had been a scarce seen speck proved sufficient to cut short that fair young life. The doctor took blame to himself for not having insisted, in defiance of ordinary rules, on the young lady's quitting the ball-room at once, but the hope that he might be mistaken, and a wish to spare G—— as much as possible, made him hesitate in speaking out. But it was the opinion of all the medical men on the island, that when the *comprador* first called the doctor's attention to the mark of death on the face of the doomed beauty, the mischief was beyond remedy. At length, all that skill and care could do, was done; but this was one of the saddest of the many cases when science stands by, impotent to save, beside the death-bed.

A LIFE STORY.

I.

In haste I call'd him the light word
That darken'd life for ever;
My pallid face nor moved nor stirr'd—
His lips but one short quiver.
He gave me that long yearning look,
And spake: "If such I be"—
And all his frame a shudder shook—
"I am not fit for thee."

II.

We never met again—until
Long years had swept away:
His face was cold, and calm, and still—
My hair was tinged with gray.
Upon his arm a lady hung—
His voice was kind and free:
He did not know the blood-drops wrung
From my heart's agony.

III.

We met but once again—the day
On which my darling died.
His wife and child had pass'd away:
I bade farewell to pride.
We met—my face to his he drew—
He call'd me by my name:
And in his dying hour we knew
Our love had been the same.

MARA.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"Now, never more—oh, never in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more! The hope is crushed
That lit my life. The voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles. And I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost."
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert."—*Childe Harold.*

Beatrice felt that twenty-four hours before, when *her* love was an unacknowledged thing, and *his* a treasure to which she had no claim, she might have borne this terrible knowledge calmly and unsuspected; but now, when overborne by his passionate entreaties and vows, she had confessed all—given her warm young heart and true affection in return, as she supposed, for his—the certainty that she had been duped, lied to, trifled with, was maddening.

Still she took the note without a word, and opening, read thus:—

"MY HEART'S DARLING,—

"A thousand, thousand thanks for your dear letter, which, as you promised, I found on my table when I reached home. How precious it was I can never tell you, for although we had not been parted two days, it seemed to me like two years, and my heart was sick for tidings. Would I had any to send that could cheer you, but my clerk's office is still a sinecure; and alas! I see no signs of the briefs or attorneys, whose advent would hasten the arrival of that blessed day, when, confessing our love to your parents, we should be freed from this hateful secrecy, and permitted to take the vows which would forever put an end to these wretched partings. We must, however, be patient, and try to look forward hopefully. Were my faith in you one atom weaker than it is, dearest, the prospect would indeed be terrible; but I trust you so implicitly, that no particle of jealous anxiety at thought of the attentions to which I know you to be exposed, ever disturbs me. I know you to be incapable of falsehood, and therefore my mind is at peace; and you, darling—you must have the same trust in me. Tell me no more of this beautiful young cousin who is going to you. Had she the loveliness of a houri, and the wealth of an Eastern queen, she would be nothing to me, and you wrong yourself and me cruelly, by jesting on the subject. If you love me then, dearest, say no more of such things. Every pulse of my heart beats for you, and you alone, and will do so as long as life is left to me. Now, farewell. Write soon, very soon, and believe me, for ever and ever, your own.

GEORGE CONYERS."

Beatrice dropped the letter upon her knee, her face pale as ashes, and rigid as marble.

"You see," said Julia, in a hushed voice, "how he loved me—long, long ago, before ever he saw you."

"Yes, I see!"—and a shiver ran through her veins. "I see!"

"You are convinced—you cannot doubt after this?"

"No!"—and the wrung heart beat strong and fiercely with the throb of despair.

"But you shall have yet stronger proof. Read the other letter. There it is—in your hand. Read it, if only in justice to me."

Mechanically the poor girl lifted the note—a fervent but wordless prayer for strength going up from her soul to heaven; but notwithstanding all her efforts, she was unable to open it, and let it fall from her nerveless fingers upon the floor.

"I cannot read it," she murmured, faintly.

"Yes, yes, you must—for my sake—for the sake of our future friendship. Or, if you like it better, I will read it to you."

"No, no, thank you. I would rather not. If it must be, give it to me myself."

And raising the letter, she placed her hand so as to shield her eyes from the light, and her face from Julia.

The date was that very morning, and the words these:—

"MY DEAR LOVE,—

"Your reproaches are alike cruel and unjust. You accuse me of paying attention to your cousin; of devoting myself to her, and (inferentially) neglecting you. This is not true, Julia, and you know it. Years of constancy should have taught you that mine is no rover's nature. New faces, new friends, have no charms for me. To others, Miss Lyle may be irresistible; to me, she is your cousin—nothing more. To my taste she is not even handsome. She is too thin, too dark, too unformed. Her manner, too, suits not my fancy. It is childish, at the same time that it is exacting. She thinks too much of herself. Five years hence, all this may be altered; her face may have attained expression; her figure roundness and grace; and her manner repose. Then, she may be what you think she is now. At present, she is only passable. And as to my paying her attention, what you say of your manner towards Count Orsini, is true here. We must lull suspicion, and perhaps a seeming preference for others is the best way of diverting it from the real objects; so long, of course, as it is not carried too far, which I live in constant dread of your doing with that villainous Italian. Be careful of that, dearest, or you will involve yourself too deeply to recede, and then what will become of me? *You* might, and would, find thousands more worthy to fill my place with you, but who should *I* ever find to take yours in my heart? No one! To lose you would be to lose all that makes life bearable, and drive me, in despair, to some irreparable deed that would close it and my sorrows together. Therefore, my own darling, as I should much prefer living *with*, to dying *for* you, beware of the Count, and mind you care no more for him, than I do for your fascinating cousin. Farewell till the evening. Be sure to meet me in the conservatory, if only for a moment, and believe in the eternal constancy of your devoted GEORGE."

Twice, sentence by sentence, did Beatrice read this letter, pausing longer each time upon the scornful and insulting terms in which the writer mentioned her, and contrasting his written words with the passionate vows of undying love, which, uttered scarcely twelve hours after the first were penned, echoed yet upon her ear.

Sitting there—the horrible evidence of his cruel, unmanly falsehood and treachery in her hand—how could she do otherwise than believe him guilty, and despise herself *thus* upon one so unutterably worthless she should have lavished the whole strength and passion of her soul. And yet, so true had been her love, so generous was her nature, that even in this moment of agony, when every pulse of her tortured heart quivered with outraged affection, of which, until now, she had not even suspected the depth, she felt more for him—for his miserable fall from honor, truth, and virtue—than for herself—her own desolate and dreary future.

Lost in the painful reverie into which these feelings plunged her, Beatrice forgot time and place, and was unconscious even of her cousin's presence, until Julia said softly,

"I am sorry to have distressed you so much; but the worst is over now. You are convinced?"

"Quite!"

"And knowing what he really feels, you will not suffer or encourage his attentions?"

"Is it possible you can ask the question?"—and the speaker lifted her large, honest eyes to her cousin's face wonderingly.

"Yes, for I love him more than life and soul, or heaven itself; and you, in spite of all he says, *are* a dangerous rival. He is poor, and you are far richer than I am."

"For shame, Julia—for shame! How dare you speak or hint such things! I, even I, know him better than that! He will never sell himself for money!"

"I am glad you think so well of him; it is very generous of you," said Julia, with an uneasy sneer, "considering how he speaks of you."

"But I do not believe it—I cannot—I will not! Oh, George—George!"—and dropping her head upon the table by which she sat, she groaned in agony—"you never could have written such things!"

For the first time during all that terrible conference, the face of the elder girl grew pallid with fear, her breath came sharply, and her eyes glittered like glass.

If, in spite of all she had said, and the proofs she had brought, Beatrice still refused to believe her tale, what was to be done?

She could say no more—do no more. Everything, her very soul itself, had been staked upon this fearful plot, which failing, would ruin her forever—expose her to shame, contempt, and derision—exclude her from all honorable society; and yet, having risked all this, and to all appearance failed, what else was to be done, what else could she do to save herself from the consequences?

Nothing.

Every further word would only complicate the matter, or drive Beatrice to resolve all doubts by seeking George himself.

It was a frightful position; and she who had so recklessly placed herself in it, felt the peril to her inmost heart—saw that her only hope of safety lay in patiently waiting for the poison she had administered to work, and in careful avoidance of any further unnecessary statements.

And so she stood still and waited, her hard eyes fixed upon the victim of her falsehood, who, her face still hidden on her arms, lay like a crushed flower before her.

At last, with a gasp, Beatrice raised her head and looked on her cousin.

She could not speak, and Miss Shirley, unable to bear her piteous gaze, said at length,

"I wish I had not told you this."

"Why, if it is true?" answered the orphan, in a hoarse whisper.

"Because it has caused you to suffer so much!"

"That is not your fault, if you have told the truth; but *have you?* Oh, Julia!"—and she sprang from her seat with sudden energy, and seized her companion's arm—"*is* what you have told and shown me true? Upon your honor, upon your soul, before heaven, is it true?"

Paler and paler grew Julia's face; from cheek and lip vanished every trace of color, and in its place came an awful look, hard, cold, rigid, and impenetrable as iron.

A second's pause, and then she answered calmly—the full enormity of the oath she was taking plain before her—"*Upon my soul, before heaven, it is true.*"

The agonized listener gave one suppressed cry of misery, then, turning away, grasped out, "I cannot speak any more now. Go!"

"In a moment; but first—"

"Go, go—in mercy, in pity go—or I shall die at your feet!"

"But I must know—"

"In an hour, then."

Yet still she lingered, fearing, hoping, yet not daring to leave her; until at last, in so stern and imperative a voice, that she could not disobey it, Beatrice cried again, "Go, go!"

And then she went.

But what pen shall paint the state of her mind, thus left alone, with none but her own agonized, insulted feelings for companionship!

Oh, you who have loved and suffered—and who among you, dear readers, has not?—retrace, if you can, your own emotions when first the consciousness that your idol was clay, dawned on you, and then you will have some faint idea of what poor Beatrice's were.

A faint one, I say, because even the memory of great agonies is not eternal; and our feelings, strong as they may have been once, (and although they never altogether die,) yet in the lapse of years become dull and blunted; and you and I, dear reader, although we were utterly wretched a year, or a month since, are not so now. Other hopes have sprung up, other affections risen from the ashes of the great one, as flowers do upon graves, or as sunshine glimmers after a storm; and even so, life's sunshine will rise upon, and comfort Beatrice, but not yet.

For her nature was too strong and passionate, too young, and too untamed, to submit itself very patiently to suffering.

Time, God's great agent here on earth, will reconcile her to her birthright at last; but many and bitter will be the throes, and tears, and prayers before peace comes.

Meanwhile her misery was intense. She had so loved this man, so trusted and honored him; and, besides, it was her first experience of human treachery and falsehood, and our first lessons are always the sharpest. It was a long, long time therefore, before she could calm herself sufficiently to think—to decide upon what to do. Then pride came to her aid, and recalling the words she had read, the contemptuous opinion he had expressed, she resolved to scorn him equally—to refuse him the triumph of knowing he had the power to pain her; and so, remembering that she had promised to write to him, she prepared to do so.

Half an hour later, and the effort would have been impossible; but now, while the strain was upon her, it was comparatively easy.

She drew her desk towards her, therefore, opened the paper, and wrote at once, keeping ever before her the words of his letters to Julia.

"Dear Mr. Conyers," she said, "I doubt not that the reflections of to-morrow morning will find you quite as much surprised at the occurrences of to-night, as I am myself. It may be that I am as much to blame as any one; but if you and my cousin had made a confidante of me before, it would have saved us all a great deal of misunderstanding, much lost time, and forwarded your plan far better than the means you adopted. You chose, however, those you thought best, and I can only regret they were so unworthy of you, myself, and Julia. When you learn that I have seen her to-night, you will not be surprised that I forbear to trouble you with the communication upon the subject of which I desired to speak to you, nor that I prefer giving you my reason for doing so by letter, as well as taking the same method of wishing you farewell, since it is improbable I should see you before I leave Shirley, which I intend doing to-morrow, for London, where I am expected. With sincere wishes for your and my cousin's happiness,

"Believe me to be your friend,

"BEATRICE LYLE."

Over and over again Beatrice read this letter, altering first one word, then another, lest one should seem too cold, another too cordial, another too reproachful; and when at last it bore the form I have given above, she was far from being satisfied with it.

"Yet it must do," she said, folding it up. "It is not a master-piece of composition, but it will not betray me. No one reading this will ever suspect what it has cost to write. I would not for worlds on worlds that he should think I loved him now, or know that the thought of his falsehood had power to wring my heart so bitterly; but oh, George, George! I little guessed my first letter would be like this!"—and once more she covered her face with her hands and moaned. It was but for a moment, however, the weakness lasted, and then she sprang up, deluged her hot brow with water, smoothed her ruffled hair, murmuring angrily, "Idiot, idiot that I am, to give way thus. But I will be calm, at least, for one hour. Not Julia, or any one, shall ever guess what this costs me." And rallying all her courage, she took up the letter she had just written, and sought her cousin's room.

Julia was sitting at a writing-table, her back to the door, when her visitor entered, and started like a guilty thing as the orphan's voice sounded beside her.

"I fear I have disturbed you."

"No—oh, no,"—and she passed her hand over her eyes; "but I think I was asleep. It is late, is it not?"

"Yes—past two. I am sorry you have remained up on my account."

"Oh, it is of no consequence;" and she crushed in her hand a slip of paper, upon which Beatrice felt certain she saw the same characters inscribed as those in which the letters were written; and a doubt, vague, and uncomfortable, darted through her mind, but vanished instantly as she reflected how certain it was that George had written other letters than those she had seen. Indeed, Julia had said as much; and, as if in reparation for the wrong her thought had done, she said in a more cordial voice, "I have considered the subject of our conversation, Julia, and think that, under the circumstances, it will be better for all parties that I should leave Shirley."

"Ah!" with a sudden glow of joy.

"Yes; but there is one obstacle—one thing that makes it wrong—almost impossible for me to go."

"Indeed! What can it be? I should have thought that in a case like this, your own feelings should be paramount to every other consideration."

"A dangerous doctrine; although now I should be only too willing to follow it, if—"

"What?"

"The duty I came here to do, and for which I ought to stay, you will undertake for me."

"*Of course* I will if I can. What is it?"

"Wait a moment, and you shall hear. It is a matter requiring the utmost delicacy and judgment, and, involving the happiness of other people, I scarcely know how far I am at liberty to trust you without special permission. Still, in the present circumstances, I do not see what else is to be done, and for my friend's security, we will have promise for promise. I promise to leave Shirley to-morrow, and neither to see, nor hold any communication with Mr. Conyers without your knowledge, if you, on your part, will promise to keep the secret I shall confide to you inviolate; to do your utmost to bring the affair to which it relates to a successful issue, and never to reveal it without my consent, and that of one other person."

"And that is—"

"You will hear, if you agree to the terms. Do you?"

"Yes."

"And you promise?"

"On my soul!"

Beatrice shuddered.

"It is an oath."

"I know it; I intended it to be one."

"Remember it, then; and that as you keep it in the spirit and the letter, I shall keep my promise. Break it, and I shall be free."

"I shall not break it."

"Very well—you know the consequences. Will you risk incurring them? Shall I speak?"

"Yes."

"It is a long story,"—and she took a chair, —"but it will not tire you. Do you recollect the vacation two years since, when your brother William went into Lancashire to read for his examination?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, there was then, there is now, in the heart of the county a pretty village, about ten miles from the nearest town, and in consequence, I suppose, of its seclusion, much favored by the visits of University reading-parties. To this village your brother went, and being, perhaps, of a more enterprising nature than his companions, set off one fine Sunday morning on a walk of some eight miles, in search of a little hill church, of which he had heard a good deal. He found it, of course; and during the earlier part of the service was extremely attentive, but towards the end his eye fell on an object which effectually disturbed his devotion, for that day, and many others."

"Indeed!" What was it?"

"A young and very beautiful woman."

"Yourself? Ah! Beatrice, I have your secret now."

"Indeed you have not. The young girl I speak of was the only daughter of the rector of Leigh."

"Leigh! Why, that is close to the abbey?"

"Yes, but I did not intend to tell the name so soon. It does not matter, though; you must keep that secret with the rest. Well, as I have said, your brother saw her, not that once only, but many, many times after; for sometimes on horseback, oftener on foot, he found his way to that little village where—accidentally, of course—he invariably met Isabel, as she wandered hither and thither among the cottages, upon errands of charity; and at last, as is not surprising, she began to feel anything but indifferent to the handsome stranger, whose eyes told a tale, that his lips at present dare not speak. Things were in this state, when, one morning, at some little distance from Leigh, Isabel was accosted roughly by a party of colliers who were begging about the country, and not satisfied with the alms she gave, demanded her purse also. Fortunately, as it happened, William was at hand, and soon dispersed them; and then, only too delighted at the opportunity, he offered and was permitted to escort the frightened girl home. The old clergyman and his wife were horrified at the occurrence, and overflowing with gratitude towards their daughter's champion, whose welcome at the rectory was thenceforth secured."

"Of course. And what followed?"

"The old story. The village girl and the heir of the Shirleys fell still more deeply in love with each other. For a long time they kept their secret, the dear old people never suspecting what was the attraction which drew the young student so often to Leigh; but at last his vacation came to its close, and then, wild with the despair of parting, Isabel told me all."

"You!"

"Yes, me. It was at this time that I returned with my poor father from the Continent, and renewed my childish friendship with Isabel Graham. One day, upon going to the rectory, I found her in an agony of tears, and, after some entreaties, won her confidence, when she told me all I am now telling you. I consoled her as well as I could, but to little purpose: she wept and pined incessantly, until, at Christmas, a week's visit from her lover restored her to cheerfulness. Whether she had fear that he would forget her, and so hailed his return as a proof of constancy, I don't know; but certainly his appearance brought back the color to her cheek, the elasticity to her step, and she talked hopefully of the next vacation; but alas! when that arrived, I was unable to be with her, for my dear father's long illness was drawing towards a close, and not even for a few hours did I dare to leave him. Then came my great sorrow; and when, in obedience to my father's last wishes, I went to spend the first weeks of my bereavement at the rectory, I found Isabel a wife."

"What?"

"A wife. Neither she nor William could bear the idea of another parting; and so, after astonishing the rector unspeakably with their confession, they tormented him out of his consent to a private marriage."

"Marriage! Good angels! was William mad? Married, without once asking my father or mother's approval?"

"It was very wrong; I cannot excuse him; but you know how exacting some parents are—how arbitrarily they claim the absolute disposal of their children. And such, I think, was the present case; such, at least, was the reason William gave for not consulting his father and mother, when, dreadfully distressed by the discovery of his rashness, I spoke to him about it."

"What did he say?"

"That he feared his mother, whose views for him were, he knew, so different and decided."

"Yes, indeed!"—and the speaker laughed harshly—"that they certainly are. But Miss Graham—Isabel—what was her excuse?"

"Poor child, she did not think she needed one: and if she did, her love and his would have seemed sufficient. She had been so simply educated, that the idea you would consider it a *mesalliance* never entered her head; and, indeed, Julia, I do not see why it should. She is of a good family, though not a rich one; and in the girl herself, there is nothing that the most fastidious could object to. I never could see why William should not have asked his parents' consent boldly, and at once."

"He knew my mother better than you did, Beatrice. She has set her heart upon a rich, grand match for him; and she will be furious when she hears this."

"So William said; but I was as simple as Isabel, and did not think it possible any one should be so prejudiced."

"It is not prejudice—it is ambition! That is my mother's ruling passion. We all have one of some sort; and in that she will, I think, receive her greatest disappointments."

"In this case she certainly will, if money and grandeur are its objects; for the Grahams have neither."

"Then they had much better keep out of her way."

"Impossible! Their daughter is your brother's wife, and must be received as such. She is a most lovely, gentle creature, fitted to do honor to any station, and wholly unfit to contend with reproach or unkindness."

"Her best chance of avoiding it is to remain at Leigh."

"No. She must come here, be honorably acknowledged, and then take up her abode with William, where he, she, and your parents like; but remain unacknowledged at Leigh, she certainly must not!"

"Must not?"—and Julia drew herself up.

"Yes; *must not!* She is your sister, and must not be left in a questionable position. And it is to rescue her from this that I ask your aid now; for if I leave Shirley, you must take my place in this matter."

"A pleasant prospect! And was it for this you came here?"

"Yes. William entreated me to accept Lady Shirley's invitation, and use all the influence I possessed to pave the way for poor little Isabel's reception; and as it was then too late for reproaches or lectures, I agreed, and promised to do all I could."

"And this accounts for your manner to him, upon which my mother has built such grand hopes?"

"Of what sort? Surely she never dreamed of me for a wife! Absurd! William and I have scarcely an idea or feeling in common, and could as soon fall in love with each other, as with those bronze images. We have been a good deal together here, certainly, because I was his only confidante, poor fellow, and it was hard to refuse him the luxury now and then of rhapsodizing a little about his darling wife. But now I am going, and you must be his friend."

"I don't see how I can be."

"You must—you have promised; and my absence from Shirley depends upon how that promise is kept. I shall see him to-morrow, and tell him so."

"Where is he to-day?"

"At Leigh. Isabel was not well, and he made the usual business excuse, and went off to her; but if, as I hope, there is not much the matter, he will be here by six in the morning; then I shall speak to him."

"You will not tell him why you are going?"

"I shall tell him nothing."

An expression of exceeding relief brightened Julia's face at these words, as she said, "I am glad of that, although I don't very well see how you could; but it is best that nothing should be said, and that we should keep our own secrets."

"Certainly—we ought and must. No good night."

"Stay—stay—you are not going to—to have not told me what I shall say to Mr. Conyers, if he asks for you?"

At this name Beatrice closed herself to heart sank; but she hastily was so, answered: be calm and brave, or you may give him ing firmly, "Nothing." Then replying to this letter, if

her cousin's uneasy look, "There are no secrets in it—read it if you like: it is open, and contains nothing that could offend even you."

Miss Shirley took the letter, and while she read it, Beatrice stood by the table like a statue, no word or sign betraying the agony of her heart: not even a muscle trembled in the white hand which lay upon the cloth.

Once or twice the elder girl glanced through her eye-lashes at her companion; and reassured by her apparent serenity, returned the letter, saying, "I need not have been anxious for you. You could not have loved him, or you could not have written so coldly."

Beatrice shivered.

"No, I am sure of it: it would be impossible to address thus a man whom you ever cared for."

"You think so?"

"I am certain of it."

"Ah! well: if you are certain, it is all right."

"Don't you agree with me?"

"My opinion has nothing to do with the matter. If you are satisfied, that is all that is required. And you are—are you not?"

"Perfectly."

"Then you will deliver this letter?"

Julia made no reply.

"Perhaps you are not quite pleased with some of the phrases: if so, I will alter them."

"No—there is no necessity."

"Then what—Oh, now I think I understand! You would rather not appear in the affair at all. Very well; there is no reason why you should. I dare say William will take charge of the letter. I need not mention the contents."

"Oh, no, no; that would not do at all. I will deliver it myself, or send Adele."

"As you like—it is not of the least consequence. But I will seal it first." And taking the wax from her cousin's desk, she sealed her first and last love letter with a signet ring which had been her mother's, and which she now always wore.

It represented a raven struggling to untie a knot, and the motto was "Treu and Fest," (Faithful and true.)

Occupied with painful thoughts, Beatrice scarcely knew what seal she used. Afterwards she had good reason to remember it; but now, having addressed the note, she gave it to Julia, who took it silently.

"Let him have this to-morrow. Now, once more, good night, and remember our compact."

"You are far more likely to forget it than I!"

"I am not so sure of that; but we shall see!"

"Yes, we shall see!"

"One thing more—be *kind* to Isabel. I will not say for my sake, but for the sake of all I have suffered for yours."

"I will. George has behaved unpardonably I confess, trifling with you in the way he has done; but—"

"Pray be silent, Julia: this is a subject upon which I cannot talk: let it be forever dropped between us. I pray that you may both be happy, and this is all you can at present expect. Now it is very late; I must go."

"Oh, how cold your hand is!"

"Is it? I do not think it is colder than my heart! Good night, and pleasant dreams to you!"

Julia looked after her with some contrition and self-reproach; and then, while the icy pressure of the cold hand yet remained on hers, went forward with a sudden impulse of penitence, and cried, "Beatrice—Beatrice—come back!"

But her words were faint, the outer doors were thick, and the young orphan passed on.

The call was not repeated; and thus resultless, perished one of the few good impulses that ever arose in that miserably undisciplined heart.

For two or three minutes, Julia stood on the spot to which she had advanced, as if waiting; then turning back to her seat, she sank into it, exclaiming, "Well, well, let her go. It is too late to repent now; and what is more, I do not. I would do the same again and again a thousand times, to win him. It was but a momentary remorse, for she does love him; and traitor that he is, he loves her, *now!* But once let me get her safely away, and the game will be in my own hands; he will believe her false and fickle, and then turn to me. Ha, ha, ha! how easily men are fooled, if one has but the courage to play boldly! And now for the second move! This letter must be altered. Cold and cautious as it is, it must not go thus—it would betray all. But I can easily manage that. Thanks to Madame de Tencin, my flexible handwriting stands me in good stead in this emergency. Ah! poor old simpleton; she little thought to what use all those long, tedious lessons of hers would be put. I'm afraid she would not be very proud of me or herself, if she knew."

And, with an unpleasant laugh, she drew her desk towards her, broke the seal which Beatrice had placed upon her note, and laying the enclosure open before her, studied it carefully a long time, then wrote patiently for some hours.

At last, after daybreak, she rose, stiff and chilled, from the cramped position she had so long maintained, held her last work to the light, and scanned it rigidly.

It was a short letter, written in a hand which only the most acute observer could have distinguished from her cousin's, and with which the writer, comparing each letter in the original with its copy, could not but be satisfied.

Smiling with triumph at this evidence of her skill, Julia placed the forgery in an envelope, and prepared to seal it.

But here a difficulty presented itself which [illegible] had not foreseen.

[illegible] had no seal in the least like her cou[illegible]

In va[illegible] then she hunted about, tried one thing, [illegible] duced an[illegible]. Nothing in the room pro[illegible] Raven [illegible] [impres]sion at all resembling the [illegible]

Inexpressibly [illegible] stacle, disconcerted—for this trifling ob[illegible] manufacture of the le[illegible] far more than the [illegible] done—she was obliged at length to substitute for Beatrice's seal, the commonest of her own—one bearing a simple device and a sentimental motto. And reassuring herself with the reflection that Beatrice would never see the envelope—nor, even if she did, remember what seal she had used—the traitress finished her Judas' work, threw off her evening garniture, and donning a *robe de chambre*, let in the first beam of the glorious morning sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On two days, it steads not to run from thy grave,
The appointed and the unappointed day;
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay.
—*Emerson.*

☞ AN ENAMOURED YOUTH.—A young gentleman recently regaled the ears of his "bright particular" with a somewhat protracted serenade, at the close of which the chamber window opened, and a small white package descended therefrom. The enamoured youth instantly secured the precious missive, and retired to a place of safety, and with a trembling hand proceeded to unfold—a night cap and a spoon!

☞ The prize money at Pekin, although the French made it much less by breakage than it might have been, will afford £5 to a private, £7 10s. to a sergeant, £20 to an ensign, £30 to a lieutenant, and £40 to a captain.

☞ WANTED TO PATENT.—The *filter* of misfortune, to separate true friends from the scum.

☞ TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS STEREOGRAPHS.—If we close one eye and bring the other opposite the centre of a photograph, and tolerably near to it, the picture usually starts out with almost stereoscopic distinctness. The effect is finest in architectural photographs. A similar result, in a less degree, is produced by looking at drawings and paintings in the same way.

☞ The out-door life, and hunting, and labor, give vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff.—*Emerson.*

☞ PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—When George the Second got into a heat with his minister, and insisted on being shown the documents relating to a certain subject, the next morning, the minister obeyed—and when the king rose, he saw three large wagons full of papers neatly tied with red tape, packed beneath the window.

☞ Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed a half-crown of her; he sent it next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

☞ Men need truth as they need water, if wise men are as high ground where the springs rise, ordinary men are the lower grounds which their waters nourish.

☞ Gas meters may be prevented from freezing by keeping one burner lighted.

☞ NEW METAL—CÆSIUM.—MM. Bunsen and Kirchoff, after boiling down twenty tons of mineral water, and submitting the residue to various chemical agents, have at their disposal upwards of 100 grains of *cæsium*, grey metal, this being the name under which the new metal enters the domain of science, given to it to recall the color which it communicates to flame. At present scarcely anything is known of it beyond its bare existence.

☞ A reading people will become a thinking people, and then they are capable of becoming a rational and great people.

☞ A BUSINESS MAN.—A commercial gentleman arrived at Niagara Falls just before midnight. He immediately bought a globe lantern, crossed to Goat Island, examined the cataract, and in thirty-seven minutes had finished up the great American wonder, and was once more on his way to Albany.

☞ The term magnetism is derived from Magnesia, the name of a city in Asia, near which loadstone was first found.

☞ Punch says the reason editors are apt to have their manners spoiled, is because they receive such a number of "evil communications."

☞ *Soldier*—Well, John, what are you staring at? Wouldn't you like to be a soldier?

Johnny—No, I shouldn't; I'd rather be one 'e your 'orses!

Soldier—The deuce you would! Why?

Johnny—'Cause I should have one o' you fine, straight-backed fellers to wait upon me, and bring me all my grub.

☞ The tear of a lovely girl is like a dew-drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

☞ Success with the ladies is like violin playing—a great deal depends on the beauing.

"Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth—in beef, potatoes, bread, and sich like."

☞ QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—If the Union is split asunder, will the *Boarder* States be responsible for the rent?

☞ Is it any wonder that Dickens's later plots are so complicated when one of his earliest novels was All-of-a-Twist?

☞ There is a family at Halifax Centre, Vermont, consisting of a father 86 years of age, two sons and two daughters, all of the children being deaf, dumb, and blind, and yet they manage to carry on their farm, gaining a respectable living therefrom.

☞ HANNAH MORE AS EDITOR.—I wish you could see, but I am not so cruel as to wish you to read, the variety of trash that is sent to me weekly in prose and verse from all parts of the kingdom. You would not conceive there was stupidity enough to produce such stuff, or vanity enough to desire to publish it. It is my mortifying task to be obliged to answer all the letters, and to reject all the pieces. You would pity me if you saw what I am obliged to read, as well as the home-truths I am obliged to write.—*Letter of Hannah More to Mrs. Bouverie*, 1795.

MR. LINCOLN IN PHILADELPHIA.

The President elect was received in this city by a great multitude, who lined the route of the procession to the Continental Hotel. The following is Mayor Henry's speech of welcome, and the reply:

MAYOR HENRY'S SPEECH.

Sir:—In behalf of the Councils of Philadelphia and its citizens, who, with common respect for their Chief Magistrate elect, have greeted your arrival, I tender to you the hospitalities of this city. I do this as the official representative of 90,000 hearths, around which dwell 600,000 people, firm and ardent in their devotion to the Union; and yet, it may not be withheld, there are but few of those firesides whose cheer is not straitened and darkened by the calamitous condition of our country. The great mass of this people are heartily weary and sick of the selfish schemes and wily plots of mere politicians, who bear no nearer relation to the statesmen, than do the barnacles which encrust the ship, to the master who stands by its helm. (Applause.)

Your fellow-countrymen look to you in the hope that the statesmanship and unalloyed patriotism may, with God's blessing, restore peace and prosperity to their distracted land. (Applause.)

It is to be regretted that your short stay precludes that intercourse with the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and other citizens of Philadelphia, which might afford a clear discernment of their great interests; and, sir, it could not be other than grateful to yourself to have the opportunity of communing with the memories of the past in those historic walls where the comprehensive intellects, and the liberal, disinterested virtues of our fathers, framed the Constitution of the Federal States over which you have been called to preside.

(At the conclusion of the Mayor's address, the crowd again applauded and cheered, with such force, and at such length, that it was almost despaired that the President would be enabled to proceed. Finally, a kind of quiet was restored, and Mr. Lincoln proceeded to reply. He stood very erect, with his hat held by his two hands in front of him. He looked with apparent indifference upon the surging of the immense throng, but gazed steadily at the Mayor.)

MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Lincoln said:—Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens of Philadelphia—I appear before you to make no lengthy speech. I appear before you to thank you for the reception. The reception you have given me to-night is not to me, the man, the individual, but to the man who temporarily represents, or should represent, the majesty of the nation. (Applause.) It is true, as your worthy Mayor has said, that there is great anxiety among the citizens of the United States at this time. I say I deem it a happy circumstance that the dissatisfied portion of our fellow citizens do not point us to anything in which they are being injured, or about to be injured, from which I have felt all the while justified in concluding that the crisis, the panic, the anxiety of the country at this time is artificial. If there be those who differ with me upon this subject, they have not pointed out the substantial difficulty that exists. (Tremendous cheering.)

I do not mean to say that this artificial panic has not done harm. That it has done much harm I do not deny. The hope that has been expressed by your worthy Mayor, that I may be able to restore peace and harmony and prosperity to the country, is most worthy in him; and most happy indeed shall I be if I shall be able to fulfill and verify that hope. (Cheers.) I promise you in all sincerity that I bring to the work a sincere heart. Whether I will bring a head equal to that heart, will be for future time to determine. It were useless for me to speak of the details of the plans now. I shall speak officially on next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now. When I do speak, as your worthy Mayor has expressed the hope, I will take such grounds as I shall deem best calculated to restore peace, harmony and prosperity to the country, and tend to the perpetuity of the nation, and the liberty of these States and all these people. (Applause.)

Your worthy Mayor has expressed the wish, in which I join with him, that if it were convenient for me to remain with you in your city long enough to consult, or, as it were, to listen to those breathings rising within the consecrated walls where the Constitution of the United States, and, I will add, the Declaration of American Independence, was originally framed, I would do so.

I assure you and your Mayor that I have hoped on this occasion, and upon all occasions during my life, that I shall do nothing inconsistent with the teachings of those holy and most sacred walls.

I have never asked anything that does not breathe from those walls. All my political warfare has been in favor of the teachings coming forth from that sacred hall. May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I prove false to those teachings.

Fellow citizens, I have addressed you longer than I expected to do, and allow me now to bid you good night.

SPEECH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here in the place where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprung the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated, and were given to the world from this hall in which we stand. I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. [Great cheering] I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and adopted that Declaration of Independence—I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army, who achieved that independence. [Applause.] I have often inquired of myself, what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the Colonies from the mother land; but something in that Declaration giving liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. [Great applause.] It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance. [Cheers.] This is the sentiment embodied in that Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it can't be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But, if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle—I was going to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. [Applause.] Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance, there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government. The Government will not use force unless force is used against it. [Prolonged applause and cries of "That's the proper sentiment."] My friends, this is a wholly unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called upon to say a word when I came here—I supposed I was merely to do something towards raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet [cries of "no," "no,"] but I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, in the pleasure of Almighty God, die by.

Mr. Lincoln was then conducted to a platform in front of the Hall, and made some additional remarks, in which he alluded to the adding of stars to the flag since the original thirteen—the present star (Kansas) making 34—and said:—

Cultivating the spirit that animated our fathers, who gave renown and celebrity to this Hall, cherishing that fraternal feeling which has so long characterized us as a nation, excluding passion, ill temper, and precipitate action on all occasions, I think we may promise ourselves that not only the new star placed upon that flag shall be permitted to remain there to our permanent prosperity for years to come, but additional ones shall from time to time be placed there, until we shall number, as was anticipated by the great historian, five hundred millions of happy and prosperous people. (Great applause.) With these few remarks, I proceed to the very agreeable duty assigned me.

A prayer was then made by the Rev. Henry Steele Clarke, after which all but a few persons retired from the stand in order to leave Mr. Lincoln free in his movements. It may be stated that while the Rev. Mr. Clarke was offering up the prayer, there being comparative quiet, a photographer transferred to paper the scene. Mr. Lincoln, with overcoat and hat off, pulled on the halyards until the flag unfurled itself at the peak of the flag-staff, and the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. The band gave the "Star Spangled Banner," followed by "The Stars and Stripes are Still Unfurled," a piece of music dedicated to Mrs. Major Robert Anderson. During the ceremonies, a detachment of the Washington Grays were stationed in the square, and at intervals fired cannon. The whole square in Chestnut between Fifth and Sixth streets was a dense mass of human beings, animated by the utmost enthusiasm. As Mr. Lincoln pulled up the new flag, the enthusiasm seemed to know no bounds. The President elect then left for Harrisburg.

THE SPEECH AT HARRISBURG.

Mr. Lincoln replied. Gentlemen:—I appear before you, only intending to make a few remarks in response to what has been said to me. I thank you most sincerely for this reception, and the generous words in which your support has been promised me. On this occasion I will take the opportunity of thanking your great Commonwealth for the overwhelming support it gave, not to me personally, but the cause which I represent, and which I think is a just one, in the late election. (Loud applause.)

Allusion has been made to the fact, the interesting fact, perhaps, we should say, that I, for the first time, appear at the capital of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon the birthday of the Father of his Country. In connection with that beloved anniversary, so intimately connected with the history of the country, I have already gone through an exceedingly interesting scene this morning in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the kind conduct of the gentlemen there, I was the first time allowed the privilege of standing in old Independence Hall, (enthusiastic cheering,) and to have a few words addressed to me there, affording me an opportunity of expressing myself.

I regret that I had not more time to express something of my own feelings, excited by the occasion—something to harmonize and give shape to the sentiments that have really been the sentiments of my whole life. Beside this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of our country, and they had arranged it so that I was given the honor of raising it to the head of its staff. (Applause.) And when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm; when, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, and it flaunted gloriously to the wind without an accident, in the light glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least something of an omen of what is to come. (Loud applause.) Nor could I help feeling then, as I often have felt, that in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangement for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion even of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it, and if I can have the same generous cooperation of the people of this nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously. (Enthusiastic and long-continued cheering.)

I recur for a moment, but to repeat some words I uttered at the hotel, in regard to what has been said about the military support which the general Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in an emergency. To guard against any possible mistake of my meaning, do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm. (Applause.) While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets, of your military force here, and at your promise to use that force, in case of an emergency—while I make this acknowledgment, I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them—(loud applause)—that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood; I promise that, in so far as I may have the wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in anywise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine. (Cheers.)

Allusion has also been made by one of your honored speakers to some remarks recently made by myself at Pittsburg, in regard to what is supposed to be the especial interest of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I now wish only to say that the few remarks which I uttered on that occasion were rather carefully worded. I took pains that they should be so. I have seen no occasion since to add to them or subtract from them. I leave them precisely as they stand, (applause,) adding only now that I am pleased to have an expression from you gentlemen of Pennsylvania significant that they are satisfactory to you.

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—This Convention, at Harrisburg on the 22d, adopted resolutions in favor of the Crittenden—or some similar—compromise, and against any "armed aggression" by the Government upon the Southern States, and in favor of the immediate repeal of the 95th and 96th sections of the Penal Code of Pennsylvania, except so far as relates to the crime of kidnapping. The second resolution reads:—

Resolved, That the Government of the United States, although limited in its authority to the subjects enumerated in the Federal Constitution, possesses within those limits supreme authority, and has the usual and necessary powers for preserving itself and enforcing its laws.

☞ "You a dentist, Bob; I did not know you were in that trade."

☞ GIVE THE CHILDREN FRESH AIR.—Some parents make the great mistake of keeping their children in-doors during cold weather. Such a practice is pernicious in many respects. It enfeebles the bodies of children, and renders them peculiarly liable to be attacked by colds and coughs. A child should have its feet well shod with socks and boots, its body well wrapped in warm clothing, its head and ears securely protected from the cold, and then be let loose to play in the keen, bracing, winter air. By this means its body will become robust, and its spirits be kept bright and cheerful; whereas, if a child be shut up in the house, it will become fretful and feverish, and perhaps wind up with a severe attack of illness. A warm dress, and plenty of play and fresh air, are much to be preferred to hot rooms, cossetings, and a winding-sheet.

☞ EXTREMES MEET.—The late Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes's, regularly, at a very late hour, in passing by the stall of a cobbler at the end of Jermyn Street, in his way home, always wished the cobbler, "good night;" which the cobbler as regularly returned by wishing his grace a "good morning!"

☞ "Too late" and "no more" are the mournful sisters, children of a sire whose age they never console.

☞ Other rules vary, this is the only one you will find without exception—that, in this world, the salary or reward is always in the inverse ratio of the duties performed.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ In all noble enterprises, the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the *males.*

☞ It is noticed, that the consideration of the great periods and spaces of astronomy induces a dignity of mind, and an indifference to death.—*Emerson.*

☞ Not long since, a Boston paper, in advertising a "patent remedy," asserted that it had caused more *curses* than any other medicine ever invented. The proprietor, no doubt, intended to say, his nostrum had performed more *cures*, but the printer was too conscientious to let him do so.

☞ Ascham and other authorities agree in attributing the decline of archery to the custom of practising by shooting at the prick-wand or peeled stick, at measured distances, instead of following the ancient method of shooting at casual marks, or, where the butt was fixed, changing the distance at every shot; by which means, not only accuracy of aim, but knowledge of distance was gained—a hint not unworthy the attention of our volunteers, in whose hands we hope the rifle will become what the longbow was in the hands of our forefathers.—*English periodical.*

CONGRESS.

The Tariff Bill has passed the Senate with amendments. The Warehouse System is still retained. The yeas stood 25, and the nays 14, as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Baker, Bigler, Bingham, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, King, Morrill, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, and Wilson—25.

NAYS—Messrs. Bragg, Clingman, Douglas, Green, Hunter, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tenn., Lane, Latham, Nicholson, Pearce, Powell, Rice, and Sebastian—14.

The bill authorizing the construction of seven war steamers, has passed the House just as it came from the Senate, and now awaits the action of the President. The vote in the House was yeas 111, nays 38.

The House select committee of five on the President's special Message, transmitted on Jan. 8th, have made a report relative to the stationing of vessels, &c., saying that the defence of the Atlantic coast has been neglected, and concluding with a resolution censuring the Secretary of the Navy for, as they charge, accepting without delay or inquiry, the resignations of officers who were in arms against the Government when tendering the same.

MR. LINCOLN IN WASHINGTON.—Mr. Lincoln left Harrisburg privately at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, reached Baltimore at 8 o'clock, and proceeded direct to Washington. His family and suite followed in the next train.

Mr. Lincoln is said to have received a telegraphic despatch requesting his immediate presence at the capital. Some apprehend that his Washington advisers were fearful of disturbances on the route, which even if they amounted to nothing serious, as in the case of Mr. Buchanan, would be unpleasant, especially, to the ladies.

One report is that General Scott telegraphed to him to come on immediately. Another is that he was sent for because there was a chance of the adoption of the modified Guthrie plan in the Peace Conference, and that his presence was imperatively demanded, either to sustain the straight-out Republicans, or to go in for a compromise.

Mr. Lincoln occupied a high berth in a sleeping car, so that even people on the same train did not know he was on board. He was met at the station by a few friends who were in the secret, and was driven immediately to lodgings at Willard's Hotel.

Soon after he arrived he retired to rest for a short time. Among the earliest callers on him were Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, and Mr. Seward.

At about 10 o'clock Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Seward, paid his respects to the President, spending a few minutes in general conversation. His arrival caused great excitement, and the people thronged to the hotel for a chance of seeing him.

THE ROTARY FORTRESS.—A French mechanic, by the name of Balbi, has lately invented a new kind of fortress, which works upon a plan that must astonish any hostile party that shall attempt to take it by assault. The new machine is in the shape of a round tower, surrounded by a gallery and regularly pierced for cannon, the motive power which regulates its movements being steam. It is to be cased in a cuirass of iron plates, and so managed that on the first attempt at escalade on the part of an enemy, the tower begins to revolve with a rapidity which renders it inaccessible, while for the same reason the picking off of any of its defenders by the truest rifle becomes a matter of infinite difficulty. It can be propelled like any conveyance moved by steam apparatus, from place to place, with similar speed. Its base is thickly set with pikes, which, when once in rotation, would annihilate all who might approach it.

ONCE the most sickly city in the world, Liverpool has now become the most healthy, in consequence of the adoption of scientific sanitary measures. There has been a reduction of thirty per cent. in the rates of mortality within the past ten years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The America brings Liverpool dates to the 9th, and $170,000 in specie. News not very important.

In Parliament, Lord Palmerston stated that instructions had been sent to the Governor-General of Canada, not to give up Anderson without express orders from the Imperial Government, and there was, therefore, no chance of his being surrendered without the point being fully discussed. He could not say whether the habeas corpus writ would be obeyed in Canada; but it could not be executed immediately, as the St. Lawrence river was blocked up with ice, and it was impossible to take Anderson through American territory. He believed the case according to the treaty, was quite clear, and that the claim of the United States must be established by showing that Anderson was guilty of murder, according to the laws of England. No English jury would convict Anderson of murder, and the claim was not likely to be substantiated.

A prospectus is issued of a Jamaica Cotton Growing Company.

The Paris Moniteur announced the annexation of Monaca to France.

It is reported that the condition of the Bank of France continued to steadily improve, and a reduction of the rate of discount was shortly expected.

The Paris Bourse was firm and higher. Rents, 68f. 65c.

ITALY.—Several powder magazines at Gaeta had blown up, killing a great many men. The garrison had asked for fifty-eight hours armistice, to bury the dead, to which General Cialdini assented, and offered to supply necessaries for the wounded. The battery of St. Antonio was greatly damaged by one of the explosions, and one side of it had been destroyed by the besiegers.

It was reported that a thousand scaling ladders had been sent to the forces before Gaeta.

Strong columns of Sardinian troops were marching through Umbria towards Naples. A portion of them had arrived at Pergia.

The Italian Committee at Rome had advised the citizens to participate in the gaieties of the Carnival.

Disturbances had taken place at Nola, Askoli, and Anellino.

PRUSSIA.—In the Chamber of Deputies, an amendment to the address to the King was proposed, expressing the wish that Prussia might be placed at the head of the German Confederation. After a debate, in which the Ministers opposed the proposition, it was rejected by a very large majority.

The King intends to proceed to Konigsberg in May, where the ceremony of the coronation will be performed.

TURKEY.—A late Constantinople despatch says that the Porte continues to refuse to consent to the prolongation of the French occupation of Syria.

DENMARK.—The Danish journals officially declare the statement that the European powers had urged Denmark to make concessions, and would not recognize a blockade by Denmark, to be a pure invention.

THE MARKETS.—Feb. 9.—Cotton is dull, and quotations barely maintained.

Breadstuffs generally quiet and steady. Provisions steady.

The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £215,000. The market is slightly more stringent, and very active; no transactions in discounts below 7 ℔ cent. American securities dull.

FROM WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The House has passed the Oregon War Debt Bill, appropriating two millions of dollars.

The Tariff Bill has been taken up, under a suspension of the rules.

In the Peace Conference, Mr. Chase, of Ohio, has moved (as so many States are not represented) to adjourn to meet again on the 4th of April, and that the President of the Convention be requested to address letters to the Governors of the several States, urging them to appoint Commissioners to this Conference, to meet at that time.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.—Montgomery, Feb. 21.—In the Congress, to-day, on motion of Mr. Cobb, it was resolved that the Finance Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of laying an export duty on cotton exported from the Confederated States to any foreign country. Adopted.

The President made the following nominations, which were confirmed:—Mr Toombs as Secretary of State; Mr. Memminger as Secretary of the Treasury; S. Pope Walker as Secretary of War.

☞ A fellow charged in an indictment with stealing a hoe, was discharged upon trial, it being proved that the article taken was an axe. The matter was a regular *ho-ax.*

☞ A recent philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned. "How?—how?—how?" everybody asks. "Never run in debt."

☞ THE WAY TO DO GOOD.—There is a way of doing good in the world on a small scale that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully, may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of philanthropist. The love concentred on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible; but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.

☞ What is the proper title for a Water-Cure physician? D. D., because he's a Doctor of *Dive-in-ity.*

☞ A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, '[illegible]	[illegible]	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	—	97½
" new	101½	—
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	60	—
" coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct.	62	—
" County	40	—
Penn 6 pr ct.	100¼	—
" 5 "	—	86½
Tenn 6	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct.	—	95
Missouri	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct.	—	86½
Virginia	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	66½	66½
imp. 6 pr ct	90	—
stock	6	7½
preferred	16	17
Lehigh Nav stock	48	—
mort 6 pr ct	10[illegible]	—
scrip	33½	—
Morris Consol'd	36	36½
preferred	100	100½
Ches & Del	36	—
bonds	71	—
Union	—	—
bonds	15	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	—	[illegible]
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	88	—
stock	39¼	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
stock	110½	111
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	83½	—
mort 6's '44	—	89½
" '86	7[illegible]	—
stock	21	21 3-16
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	31½	36
6 pr ct loan, '80	—	94
Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	64½
2nd "	—	—
stock	2	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	60½
preferred 10 pr ct	59	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	8¾
6 pr ct loan	65	65½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	41	43
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Erie R R stock	33	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

NEWS ITEMS.

SINGULAR HORSE-WHIPPING CASE IN ENGLAND.—The Rev. J. Sumner Brockhurst, of Emmanuel College, England, horse-whipped the Rev. Edward Dodd, Fellow of Magdalen College, and Vicar of St. Giles', Cambridge, because he had omitted from the grace the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and had said, when asked for his reason, that it was on account of the presence of a Jew at the table.

ARCHIMEDES'S white gunpowder consists of one part ferro-cyanide of potassium, one part of white sugar, and two parts of chlorate potassa. These substances are reduced to powder separately, then mixed by hand in a porcelain mortar. It is more easily inflamed than common gunpowder, and is excellent for filling shells, but unsuited for small fire-arms, because it oxygenates the steel and iron so rapidly.

AT Chesterfield, Massachusetts, on the 1st, two sleighs met in the highway, and the shaft of one of them caught in the protruding hoops of a lady in the other sleigh, and as the horse was trotting, the fashionable female was lifted from her seat and carried, screaming and struggling, for thirty feet or more, but not injured, as she clung closely to the shaft. What a dangerous and mortifying occurrence!

AT Raymond (Miss.) recently an elderly man named Hale, a volunteer in the war of 1812, who had frequently given utterance to his strong attachment to the Union, and who always declared that he could not live to see it smudered and a civil war commenced—blew out his brains with a shot-gun, and died almost instantly.

IT has been ascertained that a larger number of United States vessels are now afloat than for the last twenty years. Other vessels may be fitted out in three or four weeks. There is, however, a deficiency of lieutenants, midshipmen, masters, and medical officers, as well as of seamen—the law limiting the last named to 8,500 men.

IT is reported that Forts Chadbourne and Belknap have been seized by the Texans. The United States force now defending the frontier of Texas, at the cost of two millions a year, it is said, will be withdrawn.

THE city of London contains a population of nearly three millions of people, and it increases at the rate of 20,000 per annum. It extends eighteen miles in one direction and ten in another, and it goes on devouring up fields and gardens like a great monster.

A QUAKER paper very kindly continues to speak of the "United States," "because we must admit the neighboring country to be one until the British Government recognizes its divisions."

ANOTHER DEATH.—The Rev. N. De Votee, a member of one of the volunteer companies now garrisoning Fort Alabama, was drowned on the 13th inst., on his way to the fort. He was chaplain to the fortress.

THE PELICAN FLAG REPUDIATED.—The Louisiana Legislature on the 13th ult., discarded the Pelican flag—the bird being pronounced "ungainly in sight, filthy in habit, and cowardly in nature." In lieu of it another flag was adopted, composed of thirteen stripes, blue, white, and red, alternate, so as to represent the thirteen old colonies as well as the tri-color flag of France. The Union is composed of a pale star, in a square field of red, to represent the national colors of the flag of Spain, thus grouping together three nationalities, emblematic of the origin of the State.

FAUCIT, the English painter, has had an order for a picture, for which he will receive —engraving, copyrighting and all—$43,750. It is "Life at a Railway Station."

A MAN in New Albany the other day, on being asked by the assessor his age, reported that in case there was no war he was forty-one, but if there was war he was forty-six.

THE Wisconsin Republican Convention has unanimously adopted resolutions favoring the maintenance of the Constitution without compromise. Perfect harmony prevailed.

MISSOURI.—This State has not only elected an overwhelming majority of Union men to the General Assembly, but voted against the holding of a Convention at all by a large majority.

LOUISIANA.—It is stated that the popular vote in this State for members of the Convention, shows a majority of 320 for the Union or conservative candidates.

THE CANADIAN FUGITIVE-SLAVE CASE.—Anderson, the fugitive, has been liberated "on a technicality," by the Court of Common Pleas at Toronto, and set free—thus avoiding the awful conflict of clashing between the Canada and English courts. These technical flaws are convenient things in law.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A number of modifications of the Personal Liberty bill have been proposed by a committee of the Senate.

SALT LAKE is probably the saltest body of water on the globe. Three barrels of this water are said to yield a barrel of salt. The water is of a light green color for about ten or twenty rods, and then dark blue. No fish can live in it, no frogs abide in it, and but few birds are seen dipping in it.

THE SUMMER ELECTIONS.—The following States hold elections during the coming summer:—Virginia in May; Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina in August.

AN INCIDENT OF MR. LINCOLN'S PROGRESS.—At North East, (Penna.,) Mr. Lincoln took occasion to state that during the campaign he had received a letter from a young girl of that place, in which he was kindly admonished to do certain things, and among others to let his whiskers grow, and that, as he had stated upon that point before, he would now be glad to welcome his fair correspondent, if she was among the crowd. In response to the call, a lassie made her way through the crowd, was helped on the platform, and kissed by the President.

AT Washington, on the 22d, a parade of the U. S. Troops was ordered by Gen. Scott. Just as the troops were ready, the parade was countermanded "by order of the President." In the afternoon, however, the President reversed the order, and the different bodies paraded separately.

THE 22d was celebrated with great enthusiasm all over the Northern States. At Richmond, Va., it was also celebrated. At Louisville, Ky., it was celebrated with great enthusiasm, the ceremony of raising the "star and stripes" over the Court House by the ladies, was witnessed by one of the largest crowds ever gathered in Kentucky. A salute was simultaneously fired from the artillery corps, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" sung by an immense number of voices.

THE Congress of the Southern Confederacy have unanimously adopted a resolution in favor of the free navigation of the Mississippi river.

NEW YORK VESSELS AGAIN SEIZED.—Savannah, Feb. 22.—Gov. Brown, yesterday, again seized the ship Martha J. Ward, bark Augusta, and brig Harold, all belonging to citizens of New York. They will be retained until the arms seized by the State authorities of New York are delivered up.

ILLNESS OF MAJ. ANDERSON.—The Charleston correspondent of the Richmond Despatch confirms the report that Major Anderson was lying ill at Fort Sumter, on the 17th ult. His disease is pneumonia, and Dr. Robertson, of Charleston, was attending him. The floating battery, it is said, is completed.

IN the Peace Convention at Washington, Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, has proposed to substitute the Missouri Compromise for the section reported by the committee relating to slavery in territories. Mr. Wilmot, of Penna., supported the proposition. Mr. Guthrie, of Ky., opposed it. It is doubtful what conclusion the Convention will come to.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER is so universally used and commended that it is superfluous to say anything in its favor at this day. It is a remedy for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, and not to have it in the house to meet sudden emergencies is a culpable neglect.—*Boston Post.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue moderate for the season, and holders have put up their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl. Sales to-day for nearly all the fine flour that is here to, and not to have it in the house to meet sudden emergencies is a culpable neglect.—*Boston Post.*

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Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

AN EPITAPH.—The following is on a beautiful marble slab placed at the head of a grave in Marlborough, Massachusetts, by a young man of a poetic temperament, to perpetuate the memory of a deceased young lady to whom he had been betrothed and about to be married:

"Death is the road that leads to bliss divine.
That thou hast trod, 'tis, Sophia Caroline!"

HADN'T PONDER IT.—"Our city," says a Philadelphia friend, "has some divines whose sermons are more noted for their length than depth. One of them, Dr. Bull, happening, some eighteen months since, to pass the Sabbath in a small town in New Jersey, not far distant from this city, was invited to preach. He accepted the invitation, and spoke for an hour and a half from the text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' It is said that the church bell had to be rung, at the conclusion of the sermon, to rouse the hearers. This report, however, needs confirmation.

"Last month the doctor was in the same town, and was again invited to preach. He announced his text, 'Remember Lot's wife.' At this juncture, a staid old Jersey farmer, sitting half-way down the middle aisle, was observed picking up his hat and things, and as the injunction, 'Remember Lot's wife,' was a second time sounded in his ears, he rose, and in a voice distinctly audible throughout the church, exclaimed, 'Haven't forgot her since you were here last time;' and immediately executed a rapid movement toward the door.

FUNNY.—Our little Alice, who is a wee bit of a philosopher, amused us sometimes by her attempts to account for the secret workings of Providence in a way quite satisfactory to herself. We overheard her the other day attempting to explain to her little brother the difficulties that God has to overcome in creation:—

"Now, Willie," she said, "I dare say you think that God comes down from Heaven and puts all the seeds in the ground Himself; but He doesn't. It would be very easy for Him to do it; for you know He only has to say, 'Let there be light,' and light comes. But now I'll 'splain to you what He does; when He wants to make the flowers, and 'specially the roses, He gets all the little leaves and all the little stems ready first, and then, Willie, He just sticks them all together with His *holy glue!*"

MORAL AGENTS.—A ring of the door-bell, and a simultaneous and unusually furious bark of his dog, informed the Rev. Mr. T——, one day, that a stranger stood at his door. He opened the door himself, and a gentleman bowed and said,

"The Rev. Mr. T——, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Jones, and I am an agent of the Moral Reform Society, or, as some are pleased to call me, a Moral Agent."

"Will you walk in, *Mr. Jones?*" said the hospitable Mr. T——, leading the way.

"Thank you, sir," said the man, walking in. "I was rather roughly greeted by your dog, here, just now, and there is a certain passage of Scripture, Brother T——, that I shall have to recommend to your attention —'Beware of dogs.'"

"Oh, sir," said Mr. T——, turning round, and speaking with earnest simplicity, "you mistake the meaning. That passage was not intended to apply to brute beasts, but to Moral Agents!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A LAZY MAN.—We have seen many lazy men (and women too, for that matter,) in our days and generation, but we do think that a little the laziest individual we ever did meet, is a certain bald-headed, oddish gentleman, who lives somewhere in Fourteenth street, near the Fifth Avenue. Standing the other day with a friend, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Union Square, waiting for a Fourth Avenue omnibus, upward bound, we noticed the subject of this paragraph crossing the street with his arm in a sling. Turning to our companion, who was well acquainted with him, we asked:

"Why, what in the world has happened to Mr. ——'s arm?"

"Oh, nothing at all," was the reply, "he only wears it in a sling because he is too lazy to swing it."

A GOOD REJOINDER.—A worthy Lancashire clergyman was roused from his sleep at 5 o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond.

"What are you doing there?" said he.

"Fishing," said they.

"But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away."

"Go to bed again," was the rejoinder, "your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen."

The good clergyman could, of course, only turn in again.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.—An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed:

"Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly, with strong Scotch brogue, replied

"I think, sir, I do indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir; and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

POOR LITTLE FELLOW!—Really—Want's something to amuse you? Why, I have given you book after book, and lent you my paint book, and I have offered to teach you your notes! What more do you want? Augustus —Oh, oh, I don't call that amusement. I want some figs! or some gingerbread nuts! or a good lot of toffee! That's what I call amusement!

THE DROVER'S TRICK.

It is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a development in this direction, which the reader can add to his present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage:

"Never you buy a *fat* pig at Brighton," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not a fat pig?"

"Cause you see they fat 'em too fast for the Brighton market sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in, pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, jest afore fair day they gives 'em corn and salt—nothin' but jess corn and salt—no swill, no water. Next day pigs is amazin' thirsty. Then the sarpents gin 'em just as much water as they kin drink. The pigs puts into it, and keeps a drinkin', and drinkin'. 'Sposes on an average they swallow about a barrel apiece. That makes 'em look all filled out, and sleek and heavy. I tell you. But there ain't no heart and substance in it. You car' one of them are critters home, and calculate you've got a bustern' pile of pork, but jest you look in your hog pen next mornin', and you won't find nothin' but a hog frame, skin an' bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs; I've been there, and I've seen 'em *manufactur'd!*"

NOT BAD.—John Clerk, afterward a judge by the title of Lord Eldin, was arguing a Scotch appeal case before the House of Lords. It was about a mill privilege and the right to a stream of water. The Scotch lawyer talked about the *watter*, the *watter*, the *watter*, till the chancellor, much amused by his peculiar pronunciation of the word, asked him, in a bantering tone, "Mr. Clerk, do you spell *water* in Scotland with two t's?" Clerk was nettled by this hit at his national tongue, and answered, "Na, my Lord, we dinna spell *watter* wi' twa t's, but we spell *manners* with twa n's."

THE END OF CULTURE.

The fossil strata show us that Nature began with rudimental forms, and rose to the more complex, as fast as the earth was fit for their dwelling-place; and that the lower perish, as the higher appear. Very few of our race can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men; but they are not yet men. Half-engaged in the soil, paying to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If Love, red Love, with tears and joy; if Want with his scourge; if War with his cannonade; if Christianity with its charity; if Trade, with its money; if Art with its portfolios; if Science with her telegraphs through the deeps of space and time; can set his dull nerves throbbing, and by loud taps on the rough chrysalis, can break its walls, and let the new creature emerge erect and free,—make way, and sing pean! The age of the quadruped is to go out,—the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we live known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments, all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the Better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses, and the bells into benefit. —*Emerson.*

THE HARSH EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

What Anselm of Canterbury, at the end of the eleventh century, said against the rigid monastic discipline, is admirable. An abbot complained in conversation with him of the incorrigible youths who would not be amended by all the correction he administered. Anselm replied—

"You never cease beating the boys, and what sort of men will they be when they grow up?"

"Stupid and brutish," answered the abbot.

"A good sign for the method of your education," said Anselm, "when you educate men into brutes!"

The abbot answered, "Is that our fault? We try to compel them, in all manner of ways, to be better, and yet we effect nothing."

"You compel them?" answered Anselm. "Tell me, then, I pray you, if you planted a tree in your garden, and enclosed it on all sides, so that it could not spread out its branches in any direction, and after some years transplant it in an open space, what kind of a tree would it have become? Certainly a useless one, with crooked, tangled branches. And whose fault would it be but your fault, who trained the tree in this over compulsory manner."

AN ECLIPSE IN CHINA.—The following is a translation of a notice that was put up on the walls of Canton on the 29th of July, 1860, concerning an eclipse of the moon. It refers to the popular belief that an eclipse is caused by a great dragon threatening to devour the moon! "To the Red Button Mandarin Loo, Governor of Quang-Tung and Quang-Si Provinces and Board of Soldiers, dated the 10th of Hewang, the 16th day of the 6th month. Entreat and pray to save and protect the moon from being devoured on the 18th day of the 6th moon. The eclipse will commence on the 19th day of the 6th moon at 11.40.' Then follows particulars of the time of contact, &c. After which: "All the Mandarins, both civil and military, together with all the people, must do the utmost in their power to save and protect her from such a fearful calamity; and, mind, not to be disobedient."

☞ A boy not fond of fun and frolic, may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy.

THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

There seems to be quite a movement in England among the clergy in favor of beards —whereupon the *London Punch* hits it off with an engraving and the following comment:—

"We do not for one moment presume to say whether it is right or wrong,—only, if this sort of thing is to prevail, what's to become of Captain Heavyswell?"

Punch evidently thinks that Capt. Heavyswell will soon be nowhere with the ladies.

HINTS ON DRESS.—BY MRS. ADAMS.

Zouave jackets and bodies are still worn with short waists; and a jacket or body with a long waist looks old-fashioned. I have seen some of the loose summer white jackets turned to a very good use. They will make a very nice Garibaldi shirt; or rather, as some call it, a loose Zouave waistcoat, thus:—Put on your white or colored loose jacket, and then put on the skirt of your dress over it. You will find this warm and comfortable; and if you have a loose jacket by you of colored flannel, so much the better. The Zouave jacket is to go on over this. I have given this hint that ladies may turn to account some of their loose summer jackets. Your sleeve should be fastened at the waist. With a little contrivance I think this may be done. You will find this style of dress keep you very warm. If you should wish to make a new colored flannel, Magenta or red, make a nice loose jacket with bishop sleeves; it serves the double purpose of a loose Zouave waistcoat, or of a morning jacket. Wear with it a plain white collar and wristbands, with one large button. Tortoise shell buttons and studs are in good taste.—*Late English paper.*

SEVENTY-YEAR CLOCKS.—Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

Agricultural.

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.

In all affected potatoes, even before the disease is visible to the naked eye, there is to be found a degree of moisture, very far in excess of that met with in sound potatoes; and this watery principle gradually increases until the disease itself makes its appearance, when the character of the potato is changed, and the transition from comparative soundness to complete rotteness is sometimes the work of a day, but oftener the doings of an hour. Cultivators are indebted to Professor Bollman, of St. Petersburg, for the accidental discovery of a remedy which has been found to answer so well in Russia, that on many estates drying-houses have been built for the purpose of carrying out the experiment; and, as it has been in operation in that country since 1853, it has consequently undergone seven years' trial. In the autumn of 1853, Professor Bollman received from a friend, a colonel in the Russian army stationed at Siberia, a sample of a new potato, with which he received two recommendations—namely, good in quality, and a perfect hundredfold in produce. These potatoes were accidentally placed on the back of a stove used for heating the professor's study, where, by some mischance, they were forgotten till the planting season arrived; when discovered, they were shrivelled so much that few were entertained they would not grow at all. However, the potatoes were planted, and flourished to such a degree that the two recommendations before mentioned were pronounced to be verified; and what was more remarkable still, although all the potatoes in the neighborhood and throughout the country were more or less affected by disease, every potato of the new kind was entirely free from the disorder. This induced the professor to adopt the expedient of drying, and in consequence the entire produce was submitted immediately (after being dug) to a high temperature, which had the effect of charring some of the potatoes, and shrivelling the rest. It was surmised at the time that the charred potatoes were killed; they were nevertheless planted at the proper season, and the charred potatoes grew and did quite as well as those potatoes which were merely shrivelled. The year 1855 also proved that, although the disease was generally distributed throughout the country, none of the professor's new potatoes were affected by it in the least.

HOW TO CURE KICKING HORSES AND RUNAWAYS.

The experiments of Harey, the Horse Tamer, and the promulgation of his theory of horse training and management, are bringing before the public much useful knowledge upon this interesting subject. Whatever may help to bring the horse, especially vicious horses, as they are called, more completely under the subjection of man without the necessity of resorting to cruel treatment, ought to be known by all who have the management of equine quadrupeds. We heard a day or two since, a description of the taming of a kicking horse and another who was an inveterate runaway, by methods so simple and Rareyish that we cannot forbear to publish them for the benefit of horsologists in general. If you have a horse that has a habit, when in harness, of bringing his heels in contact with the dasher and damaging the vehicle by kicking, proceed as follows:—Place around his neck a band like that used for riding martingale. Then take two light straps, buckle them to the bit on either side, pass them through the neck band and thence inside the girth and strap them securely to each fetlock of the hind feet, taking care to have them of the pro per length. When a horse is rigged in this manner if he attempts to "kick up behind," each effort will jerk his head down in such away as to astonish him, perhaps, throw him over his head. He will make but a few attempts to kick when he finds his head thus tied to his heels, and two or three lessons will cure him altogether. The method of reforming a runaway is equally simple and effectual. First of all, fasten some thick pads upon your horse's knees, then buckle a strap, about the size of a rein, upon each fetlock forward, and pass the straps through the hame rings or some part of hatness near the shoulder on each side and lead the straps back to the driver's hand as he sits in the buggy. He has thus four reins in hand. Start the animal without fear; don't worry him, with a strong pull upon the bit, but talk to him friendly. When he attempts to run, he must of course bend his forward legs. Now pull sharply one of the foot reins, and the effect will be to raise one of his forward feet to his shoulder. He is a three-legged horse now, and when he has gone on in that way a little distance drop the constrained foot and jerk up the other. He can't run faster on three legs than you can ride, and when you have tired him on both sides pretty thoroughly, or if he refuse to take his trot kindly and obey your voice and a moderate pull on the bit, you can raise both his fore feet, drop him upon his knees, and let him make a few bounds in that position. The animal will soon find that he can't run away; that he is completely in your power, and by soothing words you will also be able to convince him that you are his friend. He will soon obey your commands, and will be afraid to extend himself for a run. Within a week or two some horses that were quite valuable animals in respect to everything but their bad habits of kicking and running in harness, were cured by methods described above. The experiments are such as can be made by any person at all accustomed to managing horses, and we hope it may prove serviceable to some of our readers.—*Boston Herald.*

A HOT-BED IN THE KITCHEN.—A peck measure, an old box or earthen pot may be filled with proper soil, and tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, cabbages, and other nibbles started successfully without the cost of anything but a little pleasant care—and the pleasure of seeing them burst into life, and grow, will repay all this, to say nothing of the fun of eating them. Will the women see that this is done?—*N. E. Farmer.*

BLUE-GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.—The editor of the Boston Cultivator, writing at Georgetown, Ky., says that section presents in many respects a striking contrast to any portion of New England.

In an agricultural view, we see little preparation for winter, at least, little that we are accustomed to see at the north. The large barns in which our farmers shelter their animals and the provision for them, are not found here. There is nothing like what we should call a barn, and but seldom any artificial shelter for stock, except stables—mostly quite rude, being often made of logs—for working horses. Neither are there stacks of hay on farms in general. The stock is supported in winter almost entirely by grass. "Winter pastures" are reserved, on which the blue-grass (*poa pratensis*) with its long, soft leaves, covers the ground like a mat, and there is seldom any weather that the stock cannot graze. Indian corn is produced in large quantities, and the stalks and husks of this grain, shocked in the field, afford fodder for the stock when the grass may be covered with snow, which, however, is not often the case for many successive days. Corn in the ear, or unhusked on the stalk, is fed to fatting stock or for other purposes, according to the wants of animals.

The country is remarkably healthy, not only for the human race, but for all domestic animals. The freedom of cattle and hogs reared here from disease, has often been commented on by butchers who slaughter animals from different sections.

"FEVERS GENERALLY TEND TO THEIR OWN CURE."—Mann, and several other authors of the modern school, contend, that "The principal treatment that is necessary in disorders of this kind, is, to let nature have 'fair play.' If the purest air is supplied, the most perfect cleanliness is scrupulously observed, and nothing is given or done that can continue the oppression of the system, nature soon rights itself. The excretory organs, step by step, expel the offending matter from the blood, and the balance of health is gradually restored. The low diet, the quiet, and other valuable measures directed by medical science, all have the object in view, in the first place, of removing or withholding such influence as would oppose nature in its beneficent work; and in the second place, of aiding its operations, so far as this can be done, by artificial appliances. Every one ought to understand this, in order that he may be prepared to yield intelligent and efficient obedience to medical suggestions and directions, in case of being placed in positions in which such may be required."

The above are very excellent directions, and if fully carried out in the treatment of the various diseases of the inferior orders of creation, would probably save the lives of many valuable animals that are constantly dying from the practice of a system of meddlesome medication, and from the unwarrantable use of drugs that are either injurious or actively poisonous in their character.

Useful Receipts.

GOOD WHITE MOCK TURTLE SOUP may be easily and cheaply made thus:—Purchase a calf's head; if large, use one half for a day's dinner; take the remains of that, if any, with the other half, and remove the bone; cut the meat into square pieces; add it in proportion of one pound of meat to every four quarts of broth of No. 1; mix some flour and milk, as above, and add it to it, and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and four cloves; let it simmer on the fire for one hour, tie up six sprigs of savory, same of thyme, which put into the soup, and remove when serving. The juice of half a lemon is an improvement, just before serving, as well as a drop of wine, if handy. If required brown, add three tablespoonfuls of coloring; and use water or broth for thickening, instead of milk. The water in which the calf's head is boiled may be kept, and added to the stock. This soup will keep for a long time if boiled occasionally, and a little water added; it should never be covered, or fermentation will commence; it should occasionally be stirred until cold. Strong stocks are more likely to turn sour than thin ones, more particularly if they have vegetables and flour in them; to prevent which, when this soup is kept in a basin, leave the mouth exposed to the air.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

ESSENCE OF VERBENA LEAF.—A sweet and refreshing perfume for the handkerchief. Take rectified spirits of wine, half a pint; otto of verbena, half a drachm; otto of bergamot one drachm; and tincture of tolu, a quarter of an ounce. Mix them together, and it is ready for use. This sweet scent does not stain the handkerchief, and is far more economical than "Frangipanni," or "Stolen Kisses."

TO PAINT MAGIC-LANTERN SLIDES.—Warm the glass before a fire till it is as hot as you can bear it in your hand; then rub it over with a solution of weak gum water; leave it to dry; then put the picture you mean to copy under it, and draw it on the glass with a pen, using Indian ink. Paint afterwards with water or oil colors, it is immaterial which.

CRYSTALLIZED WINDOWS.—Dissolve any kind of salt in hot water, so as to make a saturated solution—that is, to have it as strong as possible; then wash it while hot with a brush, it will soon cool, and deposit the salt in crystalline form upon the glass, and when the water has evaporated the window will be beautifully frosted. You may use for this purpose Glauber's salts, Epsom salts, or blue stone; but you should not use any of the salts which are apt to dissolve in a damp atmosphere.

☞ In the Danish theatres the gas-lights in the audience part of the house are turned down during the acts, and the stage alone is illuminated. This adds greatly to the effect of the scenes and costumes.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 3, 5, 8, 3, is a river in Maine.
My 4, 12, 6, 8, 2, is a county in North Carolina.
My 9, 5, 4, 9, 11, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 5, 3, 12, is a city in Oregon.
My 5, 13, 11, is a river in Austria.
My 1, 13, 11, 12, 2, 11, is an Archipelago in Oceanics.
My 4, 5, 3, is a river in Texas.
My 9, 8, 5, 2, is a city in France.
My 11, 2, 12, 6, 5, 12, 13, is a mountain in Wales.
My 1, 3, 5, 2, is a Gulf in the Baltic Sea.
My 5, 1, 13, 8, is a river in Africa.
My 11, 5, 2, 5, 9, 8, is a lake in New York.
My 9, 12, 3, is a cape, on the coast of Maine.
My 10, 8, 3, 11, 8, 11, is a Territory in the United States.
My whole is the name of one of the Presidents.
S. M.

CHARADE.

My *first* for business or for pleasure used,
Is known to all who've trod on Erin's soil;
It sometimes during spirits has conveyed
In regions far above this world's turmoil.

My *second* may be almost anything,
A child, a dog, a monkey, or a bird;
And, save by those to whom it may belong,
Its absence to its presence is preferred.

In all well-furnished rooms my *whole* is found,
At least in comfortable English homes;
But oft abroad it is a thing unknown,
As soon he finds who in those countries roams.
G. GUYON.

RIDDLE.

At every wedding I'm sure to be there,
I form both the bridegroom and blushing bride fair,
A nice kind of fruit, behold me again,
And peel round an apple disclosing my name.
T. ALLIE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a large, and withal fertile tract of land, which lays in the form and shape of a trapezium. From the first to the second corner thereof the distance is found to be 1,200 perches, from the second to the third corner thereof 2,910 perches, from the third to the fourth corner 2,548 perches, and from the fourth to the first or starting corner the distance is 2,366 perches. Now it is known that if a diagonal line is run across the tract from the first to the third corner thereof, the said trapezium will be divided into two unequal triangular parts, whereof the contents of the first part is to the contents of the other part as 25 is to 49. Can any surveyor tell me the length of said diagonal line, and how much land is contained on each side thereof?
DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville Snyder Co., Pa.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three graziers, A, B and C, purchased a field of clover for $100. Their entire stock consisted of 75 cows. A's alone was sufficient to consume the whole in 75 days, B's in 60 days, and C's in 50 days. A immediately put in the whole of his stock. At the end of one week B put in two-fifths of his stock, and C put in ¼ of his, and on the expiration of two weeks B put in the remainder of his, and C another ¼ of his; and at the close of three weeks C put in the remainder of his. Now their whole stock remained in until the clover was consumed. Required—the sum of money each man should pay?
WILLIE.
Preston, Caroline Co., Md.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What interjection is of the feminine gender? Ans.—A-lass!

☞ When is a sick man in a contradiction? Ans.—When he is an impatient patient.

☞ What vegetable is anything but agreeable on board a ship? Ans.—A leek.

☞ Can you spell brandy with three letters in French? Ans.—O D V.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Washington City, District of Columbia. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A penny saved is twice earned. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—56 cents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

(1) Salt is obtained from sea-water by placing the salt-water in large shallow trenches; the sun evaporates the water, and the salt is found at the bottom.

(2) A finer sort called rock-salt is dug out of the mines.

(3) One mine at Cracow, in Poland, is inhabited.

(4) When illuminated it is extremely beautiful and sparkles like diamonds; it is much visited by travellers.

(5) There are houses, chapels, and streets of rock-salt formed in it.

(6) There are also mountains of salt in some parts of the earth.

(7) There is one 500 feet high, near Cardona, fifty miles from Barcelona, in Spain.

(8) In Abyssinia and the interior of Africa, every one who can, carries a small piece of it suspended in a bag from his girdle.

(9) When two friends meet on the desert, they each produce their bits of salt, and give them to each other to lick, as a mark of civility and friendship.

(10) In former times the salt-cellar made the division between the noble and slaves, when at meals.

(11) In our own day, salt has become so cheap that the poorest have it—indeed, it is one of the necessaries of life for both rich and poor.

Answer to PROBLEM, published in the Post of the 9th February, 1861, by J. F. H., of Manor Dale, Pa.—Minutes, 78.7—0. Rows, 6.5—5. James $6.42, Henry $5.35, Joseph $3.21. William T. Totten.

Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa., respectfully states that the answer furnished by C. P. Wayne, Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 29d, to his PROBLEM in "Curves of Pursuit," published Nov. 24th, is incorrect, and to any who doubt it he can furnish a satisfactory solution, proving his own answer is the only correct one.

☞ In view of the general practices of coal dealers, we would respectfully ask if some means cannot be devised to have them see the error of their weighs?